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MAY

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CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine



RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
Publishers



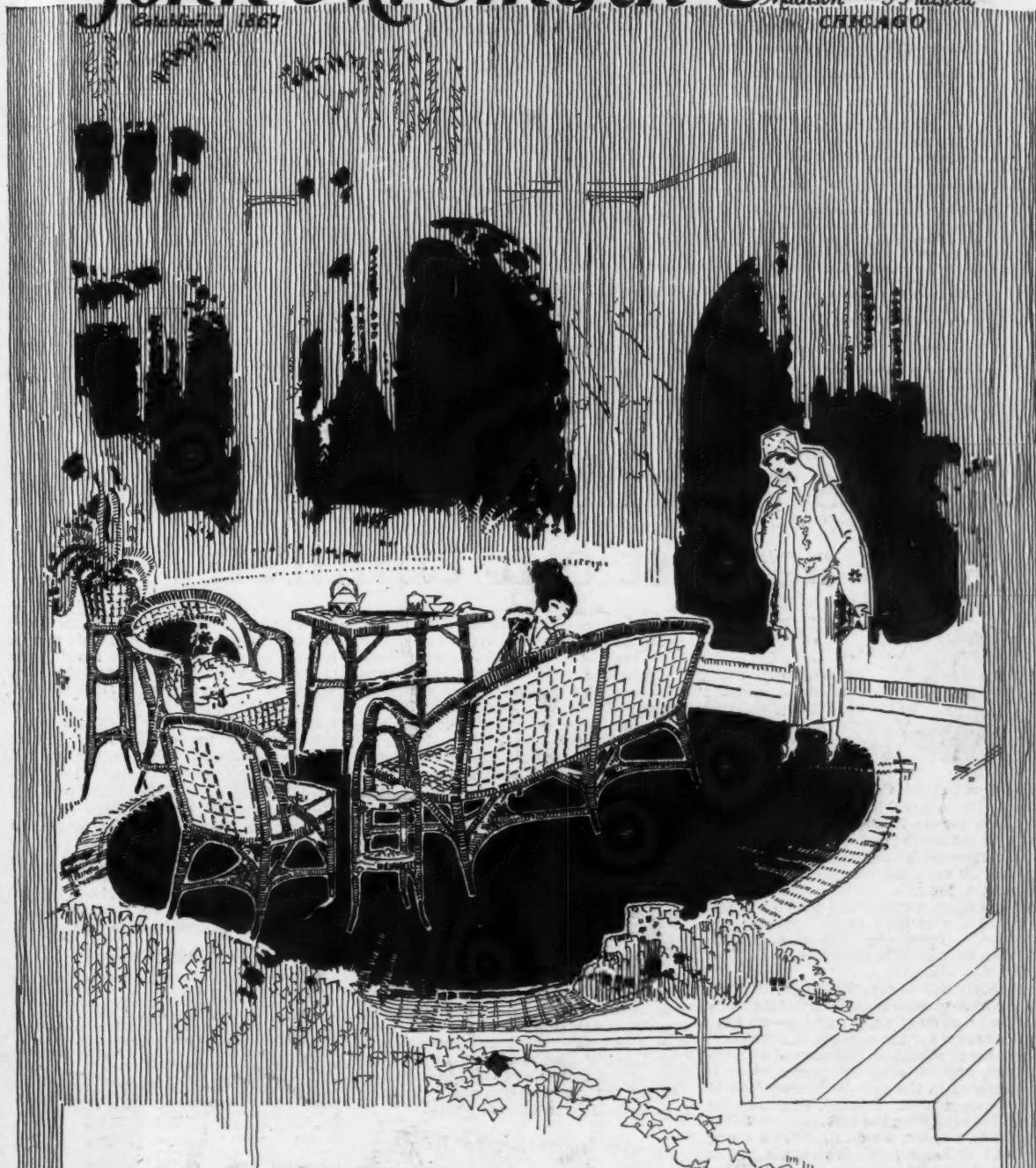
"PASSED BY THE BOARD OF CENSORS"

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DO YOU KNOW HOW—

to instruct children in the delicate matters of sex?
to always obtain cheerful obedience?
to correct mistakes of early training?
to win confidence of children?
to keep child from crying?
to suppress temper in children without punishment?
to discourage the "Why" habit in regard to commands?
to train child in neatness and order?
to prevent quarreling and fighting?
to cultivate ideal temperament?
to deal with supersensitive child?
to cure impertinence? Discourtesy? Vulgarity?
to deal with boy who is a bully? A braggart?
to remove fear of darkness? Fear of thunder and lightning? Fear of harmless animals?

**DO YOU KNOW HOW—**

to encourage child to talk?
to eliminate all forms of viciousness?
to teach punctuality? Perseverance? Carefulness?
to teach instantly to comply with command "Don't touch"?
to inculcate respect for elders?
to overcome obstinacy?
to cure habit of coaxing?
to cultivate mental concentration?
to engender interest in work or study?
to combat various juvenile temptations?
to teach honesty and truthfulness?
to cultivate cleanness of speech and thought?
to break child of sucking thumb?
to prevent fickleness? Jealousy? Selfishness?

Crimes we unknowingly commit against our children



THOUSANDS of loving parents are daily unconsciously using methods in bringing up their children which can easily destroy for life their chance of happiness and success. And the pitiful part of it is that these parents do not realize the irreparable harm they are doing.

Character is not born but builded. You as a parent are the architect of your child's character—the constructor of its future career, for upon character depends success. Abraham Lincoln, perhaps our greatest American, once said: "All that I am and all that I ever hope to be I owe to my mother." Great men before and since Lincoln have said the same thing—and how truly they spoke!

The trouble always has been that we never have given any really scientific study to the question of child training—we have not searched for the cause of disobedience, the cause of wilfulness, the cause of untruthfulness, and for other symptoms which if not treated in the right way, may lead to dire consequences. Instead, we punish the child for exhibiting the bad trait, or "let it go." As a result, we do the child a wrong instead of helping it. We should attack the trouble at its source.

The new system of child training is founded upon the principle that confidence is the basis of control. And the five fundamental principles involved are: suggestion, substitution in choice, parental initiative in co-operation, parental expectation and parental approval.

New System

Under this new system children who have been wellnigh unmanageable become obedient and willing, and such traits as bashfulness, jealousy, fear, bragging, etc., are overcome. But the system goes deeper than that, for it instills high ideals and builds character which is of course the goal of all parents' efforts in child training.

Physical punishment, shouted commands, and other barbarous relics of the old system have no place in this modern school. Children are made comrades, not slaves, are helped, not punished. And the results are nothing short of marvelous.

Instead of a hardship child training becomes a genuine pleasure, as the parent shares every confidence, joy and sorrow of the child, and at the same time has its unqualified respect. This is a situation rarely possible under old training methods.

To put in practice these new ideas takes less time than the old method. It is simply a question of applying principles founded on a scientific study of human nature, going at it in such a way as to get immediate results without friction.

The founder of this new system is Prof. Ray C. Beery, A.B., M.A., (Harvard and Columbia), who has written a complete course in Practical Child Training. This course is based on Professor Beery's extensive investigations and wide practical experience, and provides a well worked out plan which the parent can easily follow. The Parents' Association, devoted to improving the methods of child training, has adopted the Beery system and is teaching the course to its members by mail.

An Invitation to Join

At this time an invitation is being extended to earnest fathers and mothers who would like to join the Association and learn the methods which are proving so successful with children of all ages.

Membership in the Parents' Association—which has no dues—entitles you to a complete course of lessons in child training by Professor Beery, in four handsome volumes of approximately 275 pages each. This course of lessons must not be confused with the hundreds of books on child training which leave the reader in the dark because of vagueness and lack of definite and practical applications of the principle laid down. It does not deal in glittering generalities. Instead, it shows by concrete illustrations and detailed explanations

exactly what to do to meet every emergency and how to accomplish immediate results. No matter whether your child is still in the cradle or is eighteen years old, these books will show how to apply the right methods at once. You merely take up the particular trait, turn to the proper page, and apply the lesson to the child. You are told exactly what to do. The younger the child the better. You cannot begin too soon, for the child's behavior in the first few years of life depends on the parent.

Of course, before becoming a member of the Parents' Association you want to know all about it—and the great constructive help that it is giving to 30,000 other members. So we have prepared a little booklet describing fully the work of this organization and the new method in child training.

Send No Money

We shall be glad to send you free of charge our new booklet "New Methods in Child Training," together with full particulars of the work of the Association and the special benefits it offers to members at an expense which is trifling as compared with the remarkable results to be secured.

For the sake of your children, and for your own sake, write for this free booklet now before you lay this magazine aside.

If this booklet answers only a few of the questions that have perplexed you, you will be glad that you sent for it—and it may open to you unreamed of possibilities of successful parenthood. And it is only a matter of sending the coupon or a post card.



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PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Volume II

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DRAMA DAYS

OH, heart-rejoicing drama days,
We're glad you're here,
It is such fun to be in plays
And make folks cheer!

Since this old world is just a stage
We're not too young to start,
For youth, of course, as well as age
Must gladly play its part.

Come, then, let's stage a roundelay
Of pageantry and song,
For rollicking and joyful play
To childhood days belong.

Rose Maldo, Editor

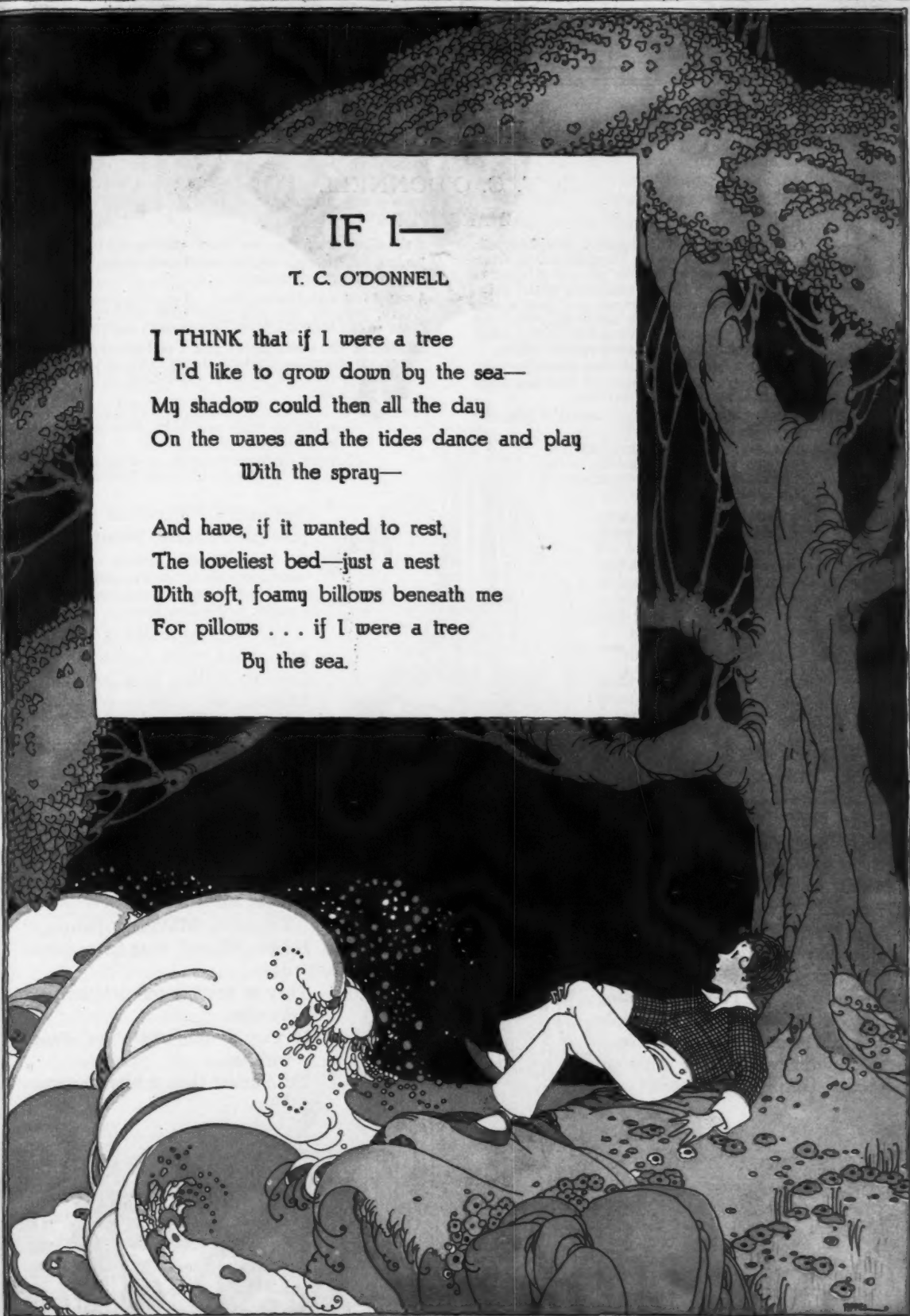


IF I—

T. C. O'DONNELL

I THINK that if I were a tree
I'd like to grow down by the sea—
My shadow could then all the day
On the waves and the tides dance and play
With the spray—

And have, if it wanted to rest,
The loveliest bed—just a nest
With soft, foamy billows beneath me
For pillows . . . if I were a tree
By the sea.





GRANDPA MAYPOLE

By T. C. O'DONNELL

CHARACTERS

GRANDPA MAYPOLE. Grandpa is a Maypole, in the Land Where the Maypoles Come From. He is dressed to look as tall and straight as possible, with colored streamers wound about him. He is old, of course, and has patches here and there on the streamers, which are attached to the top of a very high peaked cap, which gives him the required height.

QUEEN OF THE MAYS. A very beautiful lady, you may be sure, costumed after the same manner as GRANDPA MAYPOLE.

MAY JUNE. A young and beautiful Maypole girl, as also is—

MAYBELLE. Both children are costumed in the same fashion as the preceding, with such variations as

the director of the play may wish to add.
JUDITH. A little girl such as—well, such as you are if you're not a boy.

APRIL MAY and MAYBE MAY. Two tall, jerky, jumpety Maypole boys—only they're not really Maypole boys, as you shall see.

CHORUS OF COLONIALADDIES and COLONIALASSIES—as many as desired. Little boys and girls dressed in the styles of a hundred and fifty years ago.

CHORUS OF ELVES—as many as desired. Dressed as MAYBE MAY and MAY JUNE are shown toward the end of the play.

HIPPETY-HOPPETY CHORUS—as many as desired. Dressed like APRIL MAY and MAYBE MAY.

SCENE: It is an outdoor scene, with trees represented on back drop and screens. Grass is on the ground. Toward left front is a stump of a huge Maypole that had lived a long time ago, with remains of streamers on it. Well back, right, is a big boulder. These two objects must be big enough to conceal an actor. It is the Land Where the Birthdays Come From.

NOTE: The music from the songs is taken from old folk melodies, and can be found in any collection of old songs for young children.

GRANDPA MAYPOLE (sitting on stump, and sad): Yessir, I can remember—I can remember when there weren't Maypoles enough to go around. Everybody had them—every town had one, anyway. And May Day—why May Days there were more Maypoles even than there were barber poles. But that was a long time ago—once upon a time almost. Even the old ones, like I am now (*getting up and stretching himself*) people wanted, because things were so—so Maytimey. I don't suppose, though (*sitting down again,*

and sadly), I'll ever see the Maypole games again, because—

[*He stops, listening intently, at sound of voices off stage, left, singing softly to the tune of "Bobby Shafto," enlivened to fit the words, as they draw nearer.*]

VOICES (Chorus of COLONIALADDIES and COLONIALASSIES):

Once on a time, long, long ago,
Millions an' millions of years I know,

'Fore Granddaddy's granddaddy's daddy's day,
We sang and danced on the first of May.

[*As this stanza ends, old GRANDPA MAYPOLE breaks into song, singing the following stanza to the same tune, dancing around an imaginary Maypole as "the kiddies used to do."*]

GRANDPA MAYPOLE (singing):
Hark! Why, I hear those voices dear,
They're prettier an' prettier year by year.
If they'd only come an' dance with me,
I'd happier than a hippopotamus be.





[At this point the CHORUS OF COLONIALADDIES and COLONIALASSIES enter, just as GRANDPA MAYPOLE is completing a step, with one arm partly raised over a shoulder, the other at his side. He stands just as still! so that the children won't see how foolish he has been.]

CHORUS (gleefully): Oh, here's an old-fashioned Maypole!

[Each grasps one of GRANDPA MAYPOLE's streamers and sings the following third stanza as they dance around him:]

'Round and 'round Granddaddy Maypole we sing,
An' dance an' laugh an' shout like ever'thing!
We're going to come an' take you away some day
An' make you our King where it's always May.

[The CHORUS leaves stage, right, as GRANDPA MAYPOLE sits down again, dreamy like. Then he rubs his eyes, looks at the loose streamers, and remarks:]

GRANDPA MAYPOLE: Well, that was quite a nice dream, anyhow. I wish I could dream all the time, because—

[Enter MAYBELLE and MAY JUNE.]

MAY JUNE: Oh, here you are, Grandpa!

MAYBELLE: How did you say we were to do, if any of the really truly boys and girls *did* come for us?

GRANDPA: Oh, they won't come. Here it's (taking a huge, old-fashioned watch from his pocket)—here it's seventeen minutes to May, and—But I'll show you again. (Rising and straightening MAYBELLE so that she "stands tall.") Now, you stand so! And you, May June, too—just as straight and tall and—still! What is the matter—

[During this action the children simply won't stay put, and GRANDPA MAYPOLE has a busy time of it, going from one to the other and back again.]

MAYBELLE: But, Grandpa, don't they ever have any *crooked* Maypoles?

GRANDPA (scornfully): Crooked Maypoles! What—

MAYBELLE: Not even for crooked children?

GRANDPA (who looks as though he had never, never looked at it that way): Of course, now you come to speak of it—

[Enter JUDITH, left.]

JUDITH (at sight of MAYBELLE and MAY JUNE): Oh, you lovely Maypoles! I've found you at—

GRANDPA (laughing, and terribly impolite): Ha, ha! "I've found you!" [To MAYBELLE and MAY JUNE:] Shucks, she's not a really girl. They don't come that way. Hark—

[They hear a low humming of the song of the COLONIALADDIES and COLONIALASSIES, who pass across the stage, behind a screen, in single file, in a simple dance rhythm to the accompaniment of the music. If stage equipment permits, the footlights can be lowered effectively, with lights from sides and above upon the dancers.]

GRANDPA (as dancers leave stage):

There, they're kiddies!

MAYBELLE: Who is she (indicating JUDITH), then?

GRANDPA: Oh, she's nothing but a—a fairy, like as not.

JUDITH: But I'm not a fairy. Fairies can do—anything! Why, fairies could—could just mention Maypoles, and they'd grow right up.

[At this, sure enough, two Maypoles grow right up, rising slowly, one from behind the rock where he has been concealed, and the other from behind the stump that GRANDPA was sitting on. These are APRIL and MAY and MAYBE, two lads who never talk except when they are asked to, and who behave very much like Jumping Jacks.]

GRANDPA (as MAY JUNE and MAYBELLE try to suppress several "Ohs"): There, what'd I tell you?

JUDITH: But I'm not a fairy—I'm not, not, not! I'm just Judith, and I want a—a Maypole. They don't ever have them in the town where I live. [To APRIL MAY and MAYBE MAY:] You will come and be my Maypoles, won't you?



[The two boys nod their heads, eagerly.]

JUDITH: Come, then, hippety hop!

[She starts to leave the stage, right, the boys hippety-hopping after her, when GRANDPA calls.]

GRANDPA: Stippety stop! You don't know who she is. Maybe she is a witch! She probably knows where our Queen is—the Queen of the Mays, who's been lost—stolen and hid away, maybe.

JUDITH: But if I were a witch I could bring her back to you.

GRANDPA (oh, very sarcastic): Yes, I think you could bring her back!

[JUDITH waves her hand in despair, which GRANDPA mistakes as a witch's signal as she says:]

JUDITH: Y o u won't believe me, or—

[There enters, left, as if in answer to her signal, the Queen of the Mays.]

GRANDPA: What'd I tell you? She is a witch. [Bowing with the others to the beautiful queen.] Here, Your Majesty, is the little witch who took you away and hid you, and just now brought you back. And now she wants to take away your two new subjects (to APRIL MAY and MAYBE MAY). What are your names?

APRIL MAY: April May, and—

MAYBE MAY: Maybe May!

JUNE MAY: Grandpa May won't believe this little girl is a— a children. Grandpa thinks they have to look like little—like little George Washingtons.

GRANDPA: Well, if she (indicating JUDITH) is going to stay here all May Day, we may as well go. Maybe we can find some really children.

[All go except JUDITH, APRIL MAY and MAYBE MAY.]

JUDITH: Well, if we can't go and dance at my home, let's dance here. Hippety hop!

[Enter chorus of HIPPETY HOPPETY MAYPOLES, who dance and sing to the tune of "Three Dukes a-Riding," with APRIL MAY in the center.]

HIPPETY HOPPETY SONG

We're Hippety-hippety Hoppers, Hoppers, Hoppers, Remember, we're not grasshoppers, Just Hippety Hoppers, see?

Some folks are ship-pety shoppers, Shoppers, shoppers, And some are kip-pety coppers, But Hippety Hoppers are we!

[The HIPPETY-HOPPETY CHORUS leaves stage, right.]

JUDITH: You believe in me, don't you? [As the boys nod their head, almost off:] And that's nice of you, too. Only I wish you would talk. Don't you ever talk?

THE BOYS (in a high pitched voice): Yes, when we're asked to.

JUDITH: Well, I ask you to now. What can you talk about?

APRIL MAY: 'Bout tigers, and tomatoes, and pirates—

MAYBE MAY: We can talk about grammar, too.

JUDITH: But can't you talk about Grandpa Maypole?

APRIL MAY: He's not so terribly grammatical.

JUDITH: But can't you talk about how we can make him believe I'm a child, from really land, even if I don't—

[JUDITH here goes around the stage, curtsying every two or three steps, in imitation of the COLONIALASSIES.]

even if I don't wear funny dresses and—

MAYBE MAY: That's easy. You just go and dress up like one of the



HIPPETY HOPPETY HOPPERS

little girls—you know (*repeating Judith's mimicking of the COLONIALASSIES*).

JUDITH: I don't know why, I am sure, but I'll go.

[JUDITH leaves stage, right, as GRANDPA MAYPOLE returns with the others, and says, "Ah, she's gone at last," just as chimes are heard off stage. GRANDPA looks at his watch and then says:]

GRANDPA: It's May, now, a minute after. That clock's slow... May's the time when things are young and happy again—the flowers and the birds and the sweet breezes. [To MAY JUNE.] Aren't they?

MAY JUNE: All except Grandpas. Grandpas don't seem so happy as they—

MAYBELLE: As they used to.

GRANDPA: Because there aren't any children come to them for their May games any more.

MAY JUNE: But a little girl *did* come. I am sure she was a—*a* little children, anyway. And she wanted us, and you weren't happy even then.

GRANDPA: She couldn't fool me!

[JUDITH enters, right, a Colonialassie dress over her other costume.]

MAYBELLE: Oh, here's a little children, like the ones we saw in your dream, Grandpa.

JUDITH: Oh, you dear old Grandpa Maypole!

GRANDPA: No, *you're* not a little girl, either. You don't fit, somehow. You don't do like they used to do in clothes like that (*curtseying rather awkwardly, to show how they used to do it*).

JUDITH: Well, I hardly know you, either, Grandpa. You used to be so—why, you were just like the children, happy and gay. They

are the same now as they were then, even if they don't curtsey so prettily, with different clothes.

APRIL MAY: Good!

MAYBE MAY: April, you should speak when you are asked to.

APRIL MAY: And so you should.

[As the following dialogue begins, APRIL MAY and MAYBE MAY have taken their original places behind the rock and stump and start slowly to disappear, unseen by the others, who are forward and mostly facing the audience.]

GRANDPA: Who are you, then?

MAY JUNE: I know—the same little girl that was here before.

JUDITH (*removing her colonial dress, and as she was before*): Yes, I am the same little girl, and I can dance prettily to the old tunes you loved.

GRANDPA: So you're back again! [A strain from the first song is played, and JUDITH dances to it so beautifully that

GRANDPA seems almost softened. Then APRIL MAY and MAYBE MAY are missed.]

GRANDPA: Where are those new Mays? They were here a minute ago.

[GRANDPA goes first to the rock and then to the stump and calls, but in vain.]

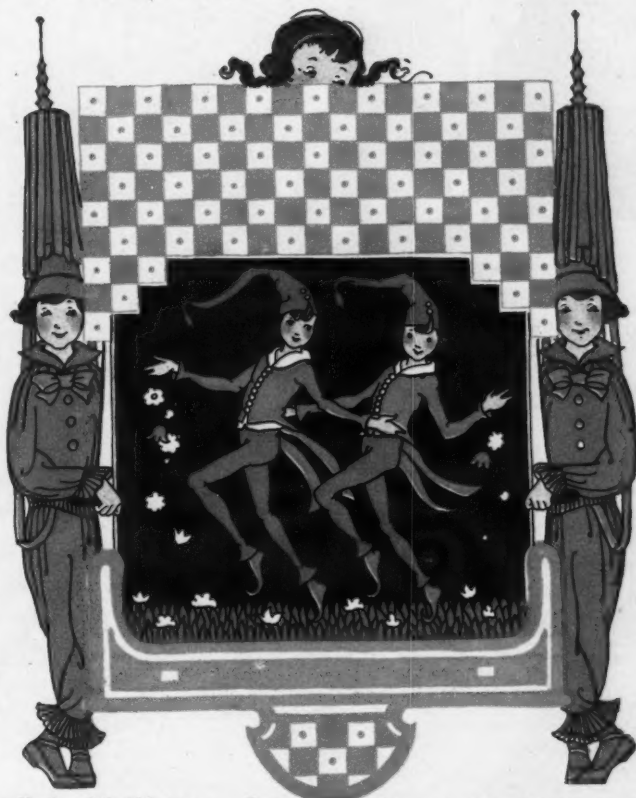
GRANDPA (*standing by the rock*): I said all the time you were a witch or something. Now I know it.

[GRANDPA himself now begins to disappear, rather quickly, as though following MAYBE MAY. All go, part to the stump and the others to the rock, and look, but in vain.]

MAYBELLE: Oh, *they* were the witches—they have taken our Granddaddy away.

MAY JUNE: I knew all the time they weren't just new Mays.

JUDITH: But they talked when they were asked to. Let's ask them to and maybe they will speak. [Calling, as though down an opening in the ground:] April May! Maybe May! (Continued on page 333)





MOTHER

JEAN CAMPBELL MACMILLAN

I LIKE the early morning,
The sun, so big and bright,
Comes stealing through my window
To shoo away the night.

I listen for the birdies
Just waking in their nest,
So warm! they have been snuggled
Beneath their mother's breast.

I like the many moments
That make the pleasant day,
When happy in the garden
I run about and play.

But best of all is evening
When I am put to bed,
And Mother comes to listen
Until my prayers are said.

For more than birds or gardens,
Or sunshine or the rest,
Or anything God gave me
I love my mother best.

STARLIGHT

DIXIE WILLSON

I WANTED Mrs. Mother
Just to tell me, if she could,
Where the little stars were hiding
In the day!
Did they turn themselves to blue?
Or whatever *did* they do
When the morning chased the shadows
All away!

And Mrs. Mother told me
That she didn't really *know*,
But she *thought* that when the sun
Began to rise,
Little stars could find a way
To come down and spend the day
Putting starlight into
Everybody's eyes!

She kissed me when she told me,
And I guess it must be true,
For in her eyes, I'm sure I saw
The starlight shining through!



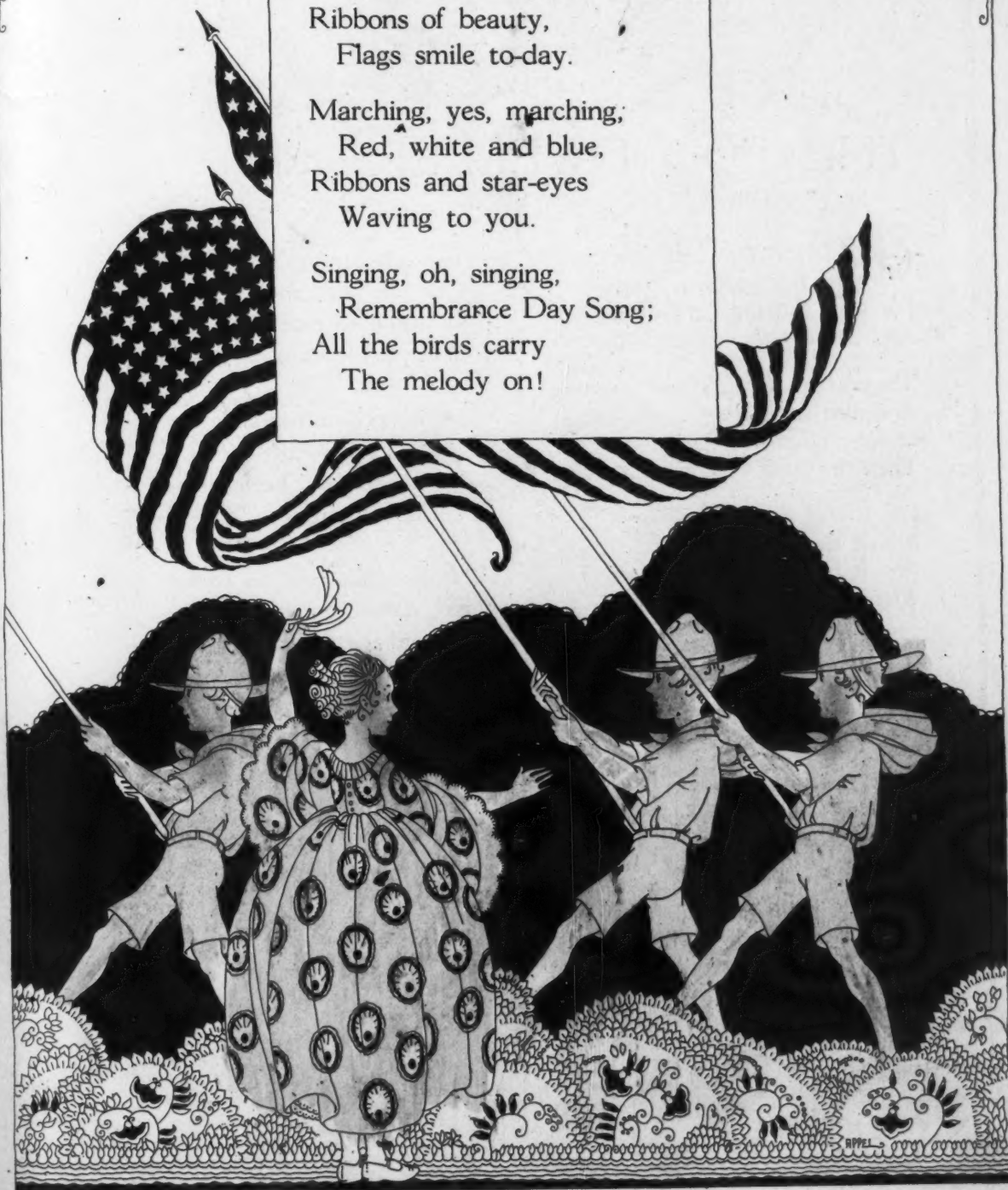
MARCHING FLAGS

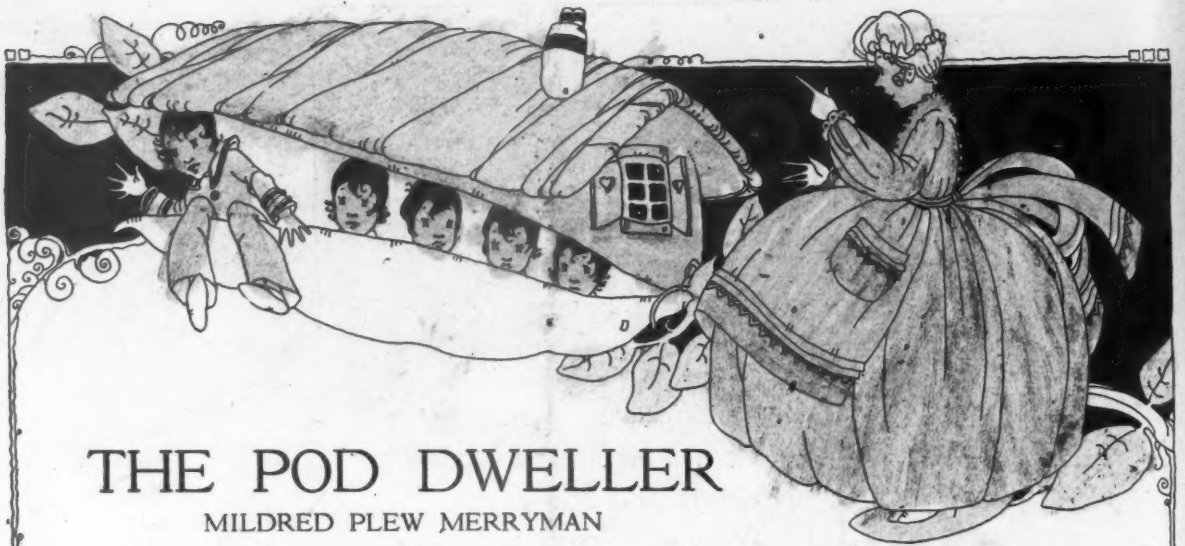
FLORENCE M. PETTEE

FLUTTERING, fluttering,
Over the way,
Ribbons of beauty,
Flags smile to-day.

Marching, yes, marching;
Red, white and blue,
Ribbons and star-eyes
Waving to you.

Singing, oh, singing,
Remembrance Day Song;
All the birds carry
The melody on!





THE POD DWELLER

MILDRED PLEW MERRYMAN

OH, DEARY me, the Widow Pea,
She had so many sons!
She kept them in her cottage
And she fed them sugar buns.

The cottage it was glossy green
And also very wee;
It wasn't hardly bigger
Than the bumble of a bee.

But it had a little window
And it had a little roof
And it had a little chimney
Where the wind went "Woof!"

It also had a secret
That it kept within the wall,
A funny sort of secret
That you wouldn't guess at all:

Every time the Widow Pea
Began to sigh and say,
"The boys are growing bigger,
I shall have to move away!"

The cozy little cottage
Merely shook itself a whit
And chuckled very quietly
And grew a little bit.

But anyway, upon a day—
Our tale shall now begin—
It happened that young Billy Pea
Was prickly as a pin;

He jumped at Jim and Johnny
And he tickled little Tod;
He wiggled and he jiggled
Till he most upset the pod.

He wouldn't part his pompadour
Nor wash his dirty face;
He said the pod was crowded
And there wasn't any space.

At dinner time he pouted
Till he spoiled his brothers' fun
And when the Widow passed the plate
He took the biggest bun.

"I see," remarked the Widow
As she puckered up her brow,
"That Billy needs a lesson;
I shall give it to him now!"





Whereat, she led him gently out
The little cottage door,
Down, down a leafy ladder
He had never seen before.

"And now," remarked the Widow,
"Since you simply can't be still;
I'll leave you in the garden, son,
To wiggle where you will."

Then, deary me, young Billy Pea,
He scampered all about;
He rolled between the vegetables,
He rippled in and out.

"I never shall go home!" he thought.
"Oh, wouldn't it be fine
If I could get to be
A golden pumpkin on a vine!"

Gaily then he sat him down
To watch the set of sun,
But he tapped his empty tummy
For he missed his sugar bun.

Then night it fell upon him
And the breeze—oh, how it blew!
It set his coat to flapping
And his breeches fluttered, too.

He tried to crawl inside himself,
He shivered and he shook;
His legs grew stiff as scissors
And his fingers wouldn't crook.

He listened in the darkness
And he couldn't hear a thing,
But faintly, high above him,
He could see the cottage swing;

He watched the little chimney
Going, "Puff, puff, puff!"
"Oh, deary me," sighed Billy Pea,
"I'm sure I've learned enough!"

The very minute afterward
He took another peek;
He listened for a little,
Till he heard the ladder creak,

And when he saw the Widow
Come a-scooting down the stalk,
He felt so glad to see her
That he couldn't even talk.

And as she led him homeward
Through the clicky little gate
He heard his brother's whistle
And he thought he couldn't wait;

Then, deary me, young Billy Pea,
He crept in like a mouse,
And always ever afterward
He loved that little house.



THE TOYTOWN TATTLER

By Alfred Wideman



Price 4 Gumdrops

TEDDY BEAR GETS HERO MEDAL

Did you hear the thrilling tale over which all Toytown is excited? Bobo Buttons, the smallest bear in the neighborhood, proved himself a brave little scout by saving a dolly from the cruel flames of an alley bonfire. Sit down and calm yourself while we tell you all about it.

The dolly in question, whose name is Susabelle Squeeks, was



playing in the back yard with her little mamma and Bobo, the Teddy. Susabelle and her little mamma were laughing heartily over little Bobo's comical efforts to stand up alone on the edge of the fence, when suddenly a big Belgian police dog came into the yard, frightening Susabelle's mamma so much that she flung Susabelle over the high fence, and the unfortunate dolly landed at the edge of a rollicking bonfire in the alley, where she lay, stunned by the fall.

Little Bobo let out a terrific Teddy Bear squeal when he saw the danger, and swiftly removing his blue satin neck bow, he dived off the fence into the soft alley mud. The merry flames were touching the soles of Susabelle's shoes as Bobo wiped the mud from his wet little nose and grabbed her by the hair, pulling her back into the safety of the yard.

A few days after the rescue, Bobo received a handsome medal made from a telephone slug, which he is proudly wearing in the picture. "You have certainly shown

us that one doesn't have to be big in order to be brave," Susabelle's mamma said, as she almost smothered little Bobo with grateful kisses.

DARING BEAR THRILLS CROWD

You know Max, don't you? He's that big strong Teddy Bear who can lift a dolly with one paw. He likes to show off a little before a crowd, you know. Yesterday he climbed the stairs to the second landing on the back porch, taking with him a big silk table cover. Upon seeing him swing from the railing, toys of every description rushed madly into the yard to see what trick he intended to perform. Max made a speech to the breathless crowd.

"Fellow toys," he bellowed, "I will now thrill you with a parachute jump. Watch me!"—and with that he leaped into space, holding the table cover above him by its corners. The dollies screamed wildly. Max descended quite gracefully, but dropped neatly into a tall garbage can and had to be fished out by the heels.

QUEER ACCIDENT TO STUFFED HORSE

The folks in Toytown were quite amused yesterday when old Pegs, the big white stuffed horse, rolled past them, leaving in his trail an aroma like that of a lilac bush. It seems that his grandma had dropped a bottle of her fine perfume on him, and the contents had given Pegs a bath of fragrant water. That's why everybody sniffed!

DOLL ANNOUNCES ENGAGEMENT

Miss Annabel Binks, a well-known china doll of Toytown, has promised to wed Mumpo, a tin soldier with soldered feet, who lives under an ash can on Play Street.

TOYTOWN DOLL VISITS PHOTOGRAPHER

Rosie Van Shinyface has been telling all her dolly friends about her interesting experience at the photographer's studio. You see, Rosie's mamma thought it would be great fun to take her Rosie doll to the studio and have a really truly photograph made of her.

You can imagine how heartily the old photographer laughed when he was told that Rosie wanted her picture taken. The old man and



ROSIE VAN SHINYFACE

Rosie's little mamma seated the dolly in front of the camera, propping her up against some books.

"Now we'll press the bulb!" said the photographer, when the focusing was correct. Rosie promptly fell on her ear with a loud bang. She declared she wasn't hurt, however, and was once more braced against the books.

"Now, watch the birdie!" sang out the photographer.

"Where, where—where, where?" screamed Rosie, and got so excited that she fell over again, and bumped her sharp little nose. The man explained to her that she must be still if she did not wish the picture to represent her with seven or eight heads and sixteen ears.

The third attempt was successful. Rosie wants you to have one of the photographs, because they are so beautifully finished. If you wish, you can cut it out, bend the flaps toward the front, and stand it on your dolly's dresser.

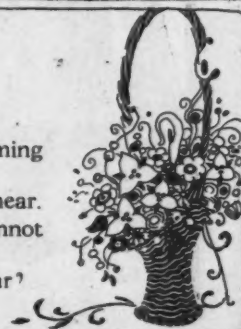


PUZZLE—FIND THE PLAYMATE

HELEN HUDSON

THE knocker has sounded with
joyous clatter,
But no one about can she spy;
Wild flowers sweet, in a basket hang-
ing,
Suddenly catch her eye.

To dainty, sweet Phyllis, this charming
May basket
Is brought by a friend who lives near.
Now where do you guess, I cannot
but ask it,
Will we find the playmate so dear?



JUST LIKE THIS

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY BESS DEVINE JEWELL

The woods were full of beautiful flowers, so Pudgy went with the other children to pick some violets and trilliums and spring beauties for the May baskets

JUST LIKE THIS



He was so interested, he didn't notice how far he strayed from the others until he was lost. He looked and looked for them, then he called, "Yoo Hoo!"

JUST LIKE THIS



A Voice answered "Who?" and he said "Pudgy." The Voice said "Gee!" Every word Pudgy said, the voice repeated. He sat down much confused and unhappy

JUST LIKE THIS



Zingo appeared and said, "The Echo Fairies are teasing you. Come and we'll visit them and you can play with them." At the entrance to the woods, he saw the Fairies

JUST LIKE THIS



When people speak, the Fairies keep some of their words and throw some back. With the words they kept, they made a toboggan slide. After dark, Pudgy slid safely home

JUST LIKE THIS



Red had to hurry back to break the news that Pudgy was lost. Imagine his surprise when he got there to see Pudgy at home arranging his flowers

JUST LIKE THIS





THE QUEEN OF THE MAY

By DOROTHY I. ROBERTS



HER name was Marjorie May, and she had blue eyes and golden hair which hung in curls half-way to her waist. She was called Marjorie because her mother's name was Marjorie, and she was called May because she was born on the first day in the month of May.

Tomorrow would be the first of May, and so of

course it would be her birthday, too. She always liked her birthdays, for she had always had very nice ones. Last year she had had a party, and there had been little blue paper baskets filled with candy for each one, and ice cream, and cookies cut in shapes of hearts and diamonds and stars and everything. And there had been a great big, round birthday cake with white icing and pink candles, and Marjorie May's name written in pink candies on the top of it. Then all the little folks had played drop-the-handkerchief and London bridge, and lots of other games out on the lawn. And Aunt Helen had told them stories about fairies and flowers and princesses and things. It had

certainly been a wonderful birthday party.

But this year there was to be no party. And Marjorie May felt as if there were to be no birthday. Marjorie May's mother had been very ill, and had gone to the country to keep very still, and not have company and confusion. So Daddy had rented a cottage on the lake away from everybody else, and Mother and her nurse, and Martha, the housekeeper, and Marjorie May and her brother Don, who was thirteen years old, and Miss Kneal, her governess, lived all by themselves, with Daddy coming out from the city every week-end, and sometimes, in between.

It was five o'clock on the afternoon before May Day. When Marjorie May first heard her birthday called May Day she thought it was because it was *her* day; and when she learned that the first day of the month had been called May Day long before she was born, she still thought of it as *her* day. So it was five o'clock on the afternoon before *her* day. Mother was sleeping, and didn't seem to know that there was a birthday so near. Martha, the cook, wasn't making little heart-shaped cookies and big, round birthday cakes. Marjorie had looked into the kitchen just hoping that after all she would be enveloped in her big, white apron, stirring and baking as she had last year—but

she wasn't. There was no one in the kitchen, and the nice, shining cake-tins stood bright and empty in their places on the pantry shelves. It was no use hoping; there wasn't going to be any birthday.

Marjorie May came out of the house and sat down disconsolately on the front steps. Off in the distance she could see the waters of the lake sparkling and dancing in the sunlight.

"I suppose Don is down on the shore," she thought. "If Miss Kneal hadn't gone off walking I'd ask her to take me down there, too. Or if I had a dog I'd take him and go all by myself!"

"Hello, Margee," called Don as he came across the lawn, dragging a young tree behind him. "See what I've got!"

"Oh, isn't it nice!" cried Marjorie May. "Where did you get it, and

what are you going to do with it?"

"Huh! I found it," said Don proudly, "over there in the woods. It's a cedar, and I'm going to plant it and watch it grow. And, say, Margee, tomorrow's your birthday, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Marjorie, "it's May Day and My Day."

"Well," said Don, "I s'pose you want a party. Girls always do, and you always have had a lot of kids around. But, say, Margee May, I can't give you a party, but I can give you a big surprise, and show you the prettiest

things if you'll come with me tomorrow. Will you?"

"Oh, Don," cried Marjorie May happily, "of course I will. Where do we go and when do we start?"

"Well, that's telling," laughed Don. "Tomorrow morning we'll get Mother to have Martha put us up a lunch, and we'll start about ten o'clock and stay until we get ready to come home. How's that?"

"Fine!" cried Marjorie May. "Oh! Goody! I think I'm going to have a good birthday after all."

"Of course, you are," said Don. "Why not?"

The next morning bright and early Don and Marjorie May set out, swinging the lunch basket between them. Across the lawn they went, and down the hill to the lake.

"Let's skip stones," said Marjorie May.

"Just one each," answered Don, "'cause we want to get

on to the surprise. Don't you forget that!"

Soon they came to a path which led away from the lake.

"This is what we want," said Don gaily, taking the lunch basket and leading the way.

Deeper and deeper into the woods they went, while the sun shone through the leaves and, now and then, a bird sang high above them in the branches, or a squirrel scurried up a tree trunk ahead of them.

"It's nice in here," said Marjorie May.

"Yes, it is nice," said Don. "And now



I'm going to blindfold you and lead you to the surprise."

So Don bound his handkerchief about her eyes and led her on through the woods, and finally out into what seemed like an open field.

"Now, maiden," said Don solemnly, untying the handkerchief, "open your eyes and behold the footprints of the fairies!"

Marjorie May opened her eyes. The ground before her was all carpeted with the prettiest, daintiest, little pink and white blossoms nestled in cool, green leaves.

"Oh, what are they?" she cried. "And why did you call them the footprints of the fairies?"

"They are sometimes called maypinks," answered Don airily, "and I called them the footprints of the fairies because it is said that many, many years ago the little fairies of the wood held a gay moonlight dance on the eve of May first, and that in the morning the ground they trod on was covered with the blossoms of the trailing arbutus, which is the flower's real name."

"Oh, how nice!" cried Marjorie May. "Let's fill our lunch basket with them."

So the two of them pulled out Martha's dainty lunch and put it on the ground, and filled the basket with the Mayflowers.

"We can take a big bunch to Mother," said Marjorie May.

"I tell you what let's do," said Don. "Let's make her a May basket and fill it with flowers. You wait a minute." And Don began to pull up handfuls of

some long, wild grass and weave in and out and around and around until he had fashioned a fairly substantial and a very artistic little basket. Then they filled it to overflowing

with the pink and white May blossoms.

"It looks like a fairy's gift," said Marjorie May when they had finished.

By this time they were tired and hungry; so they sat down on Don's coat under the trees and ate Martha's lunch. My, how good those chicken sandwiches tasted and now refreshing that lemonade was!

After they had finished eating Marjorie May fell asleep, and while she was sleeping Don picked more flowers and wound them into a wreath which he placed in the lunch basket. Then he put their other flowers in the basket on top of the wreath. When Marjorie May woke he was sitting by her side, eating the remnants of the lunch.

"We'd better go home now," he said; "it's almost dark."

Mother was sitting up when they came in, and she was very pleased with her May basket.

"Now, run and wash," she said, "for we are going to have supper early tonight, so that I can eat with you."

"Goody, goody!" shouted Marjorie May, and hurried up stairs.

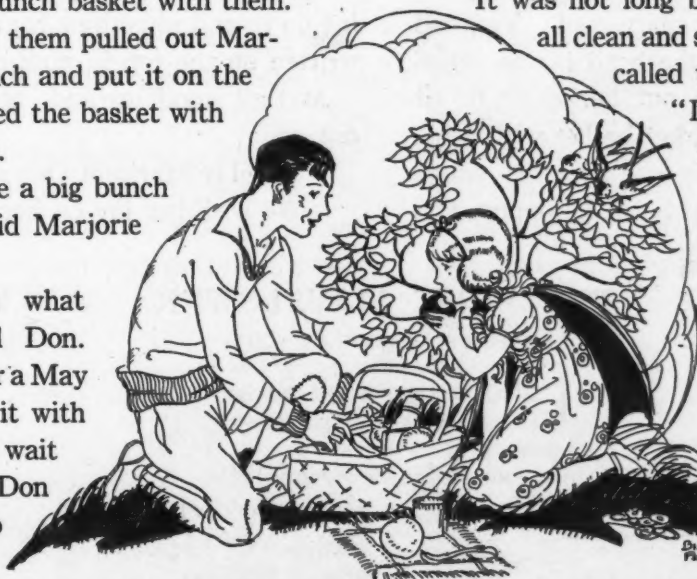
It was not long before she came down, all clean and smiling. Soon Martha called them to supper.

"Don will help me to my place first," said Mother, "and then you come in, Marjorie May."

Marjorie May thought that was rather unusual, but then it was unusual—and very nice—for Mother to be eating supper with them again.

So she waited a minute, and then started into the dining room.

When she got to the door she thought for a minute she was surely dreaming and in



fairyland. There was no light in the room except that soft light given by tall, pink candles. There were pink ribbon streamers caught above the table at the electrolier by a huge bunch of apple blossoms, and at the four corners of the table, were more pink ribbons tied in big bows with a single cluster of arbutus through each bow. In the center

ever saw—and with a pink bow tied to his collar, too!

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Marjorie May.

Then she felt Don place something round and "catchy" on her head and she caught the faint, sweet odor of flowers, and when she put her hands up she felt a wreath of trailing arbutus on her head. Just then



of the table was a bowl of maypinks she and Don had gathered, and at each place there was a little pink place card. Yes, and Daddy was there at the head of the table! And when she pulled out her chair to sit down, there was a market basket with a big pink bow on its handle, and in it the cutest, shaggiest, most roly-poly little puppy you

Martha set before her a big, round birthday cake with white icing and pink candles burning on it, and something beginning with "Q" written on the top in pink candies.

And all stood up and, bowing low, cried out gaily:

"Hail to Marjorie, Queen of the May,
We wish her joy on her birthday!"

THE FIRST MAYFLOWER

BEATRICE MACGOWAN SCOTT

I LIKE to think about the day
In Spring when it was snowing,
I pushed the icy leaves away
And found a Mayflower growing!





QUEEN BOMBA

By ANNA BOTSFORD COMSTOCK

Author of The Handbook of Nature Study, etc., Professor of Nature Study in Cornell University

IT WAS a warm, sunny day in April. Little white clouds were sailing across the blue sky like sailboats on a sea, and the sun was playing peekaboo through them, sending down the Light-fairies to play with the elm branches all fringed with blossoms, and the willow-pussies sitting on the twigs holding up their pollen cups. One of the Light-fairies, playing up and down the trunk of the scarlet oak, found the chickadee nest box and danced into the open door. The chickadees had found a hollow branch near by that they liked better for winter quarters than the box; and, too, the red squirrel was always prying around and putting his nose into the door of the box, and the chickadees did not like the impudent fellow the least bit. However, there was some one in the nest box—a very wonderful and beautiful creature who had crept into the box in the autumn and cuddled down under waste stuff in the bottom and

had slept there safe and sound all winter; and this was no less than the queen mother bumblebee.

"Wake up, Queen Bomba!" cried the Light-fairy as she danced about, flashing her rays into the queen's sleepy eyes; and then Queen Bomba awoke and stretched her cramped legs and crawled up right in front of the friendly fairy; then she dusted off her wings with her hind legs and brushed up her golden fuzzy crown with her little front paws and then slowly followed the Light-fairy to the door and sat there warming herself in the spring sunshine, throwing off the drowsiness of a winter's sleep.

If bees could tell the story, she would be called a most beautiful queen: she was very large even for a bumblebee; her great eyes made up of many little eyes glistened like balls of dark honeycomb;



over her shoulders she wore a cape of fur, and over her body a robe of fur finer than

the ermine worn by human queens, but it was golden and black instead of white; her four wings shone like glass, glinting with the colors of the rainbow; and on her six strong legs she wore fur buskins.

"Oh, hum, hum, hum!" murmured Queen Bomba. "It is high time that I awoke! Spring is really here and I have a great deal to do; I must get something to eat and then I must found my kingdom." The hepaticas were smiling and nodding at the foot of the oak, ready to play hepat-ty-cake with every breeze; so Queen Bomba flew down and buzzed over them.

"Dear hepaticas, give me a breakfast of pollen!"

"Dear Queen Bomba, bring us some pollen and we will give you more than you bring!" So Queen Bomba gathered pollen from some and carried it to others and then she ate her fill and the hepaticas nodded their thanks. Then

she spied the blossoms of the adder's tongue, pretty yellow bells that rang out a chime, calling:

"Good morning, Queen Bomba! Bring us pollen and we will give you more than you bring and some nectar to drink, also."

The tongues to the yellow bells were anthers, hanging down so that Queen Bomba found them very convenient to cling to while

she gathered pollen from them, and while she reached up into the bells where the nectar was kept, and of it she drank her fill. Then she went back to the chickadee house to rest.

After a few days of refreshing herself with pollen and nectar, she started off one warm morning to seek a place to found her kingdom.

She flew low, very near to the ground, and hummed to herself, "Oh, where shall I find a place for my kingdom? A place that shall be safe for my people?" Whenever she saw a hole in the earth that looked as if it led to some safe cave she stopped and looked at it carefully. The first one was a door to a chipmunk's nest, and as she was about to enter, out popped Mr. Chipmunk, and, as she flew up in alarm, he said:

"Hello, Queen Bomba! You came pretty near fooling yourself that time!"

But the queen did not deign to answer the saucy little rascal; she lifted herself

with graceful circles in the air and went over to explore the clover meadow. She then flew around and around very near to the ground hunting for a cave in which to start her kingdom; suddenly she came upon Rover watching at a woodchuck's burrow; the little dog was rather tired of watching a hole from which no woodchuck came out, so as soon as he heard Queen Bomba's song, he pricked up



his ears and gave chase; but she flew high above his head so he had his chase for nothing.

Then Harold, Rover's master, saw her. He had a stick in his hand and exclaimed, "There is an awful big bumblebee; I'll kill it with this stick!"

At which the bluets blooming on the bank and the spring beauties and the bluebells in the fence corners all cried out in flower language, "You bad boy! Do not dare to hurt our best friend, the bumblebee!"

Harold loved the flowers and maybe he understood their feelings; or maybe because he was a boy scout and thought it rather unsportsmanlike for a big boy to kill a little bee, who was minding her own business, he stopped his attack and Queen Bomba went on her way in peace.

Soon she found the door to the nest of a meadow mouse; she circled around it several times and then entered it warily so as not to intrude if Mrs. Meadow Mouse

were at home; but Mrs. Mouse had left this house and had rented another over on the other side of the meadow, so Queen Bomba took possession and found everything to her liking. The cave was of fair size, and it was under a dry sod and had plenty of soft grass for bedding, and the door was well protected at the side of a rock. She was so tired that she rested there for a night.

In the morning she cleared out a space near the door and piled the soft grass up around it, and then she was ready to go out and visit the flowers. They were all very glad to see her. She carried their pollen for them, and they gave her enough to fill her great pollen baskets, which she always carried with her

on her hind legs; then she went home and emptied the pollen out of her baskets and made it into bee-bread by mixing it with some honey. She had to visit the flowers many times before her loaf of bee-bread was as large as a small bean; then she fastened it to the floor and laid seven of the tiniest eggs you ever saw upon it; after this she made a nice cover over it out of wax which she took from her wax pockets, for bees very often carry wax in their pockets.

Queen Bomba was very happy and proud when this was all done; but before she could go on with her duties she fash-

ioned a great honey-pot out of wax that would hold a whole thimbleful; then she had to visit many flowers to get nectar; this she made into honey while she was carrying it home in her honey-sac to put into the honey-pot. When it was filled she said, "There!" For now she had time to brood over her eggs just as a hen does. They would never hatch, you see, unless they were kept warm. In a



(Continued on page 340)



I WONDER

ROSE WALDO

O YELLOW, golden roses
That bloom for me in May;
You are the very sweetest gift
That comes on my birthday.

And just last week I wondered,
When you were buds so wee,
If you could loose your tight green walls
In time to bloom for me.

And while I wished and wondered,
A fairy near me stood,
And said, "They're filled with sunshine!"
And then I *knew* you would.

If we would *know* instead of *wish*
When what we want seems hid,
Then would the good things bloom right out
Just like you roses did?



THE CHIMNEY POET

MARGARET FORD ALLEN

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER'S great-great-great grandfather was almost a giant. He weighed three hundred pounds and wasn't afraid of Indians. From England he had crossed the ocean and arrived, after some wandering, in the little town of Haverhill, Massachusetts. Here the Indians were making war upon the townsmen, setting fire to their houses by night. The giant man, quite unafraid, built himself a house with a chimney as big as a room, that was to be a home for Whittiers for hundreds of years to come. So little did this great-great-great grandfather fear the warring Indians, that after he had finished building the house, he never bothered to bolt the front door.

Little John Greenleaf Whittier, a hundred and thirty years later, liked to think of these things as he sat by the fireplace which his great-great-great grandfather had built. Inside the chimney there

was room for Greenleaf, Matthew, Mary and Elizabeth, the four Whittier children, to sit with the dog and the cat, while their mother cooked supper in kettles which she hung over the blazing logs.

Crouched in the fireplace, Mary, the eldest, used to do her sums on her slate, but Greenleaf stared into the flames and thought of his great-great-great grandfather, of Indians, and of witches brewing tea outside in the snow. And when the fire roared up brightly, he could hear the great throat of the chimney laughing. Then he would bend over his slate and write down rimes.

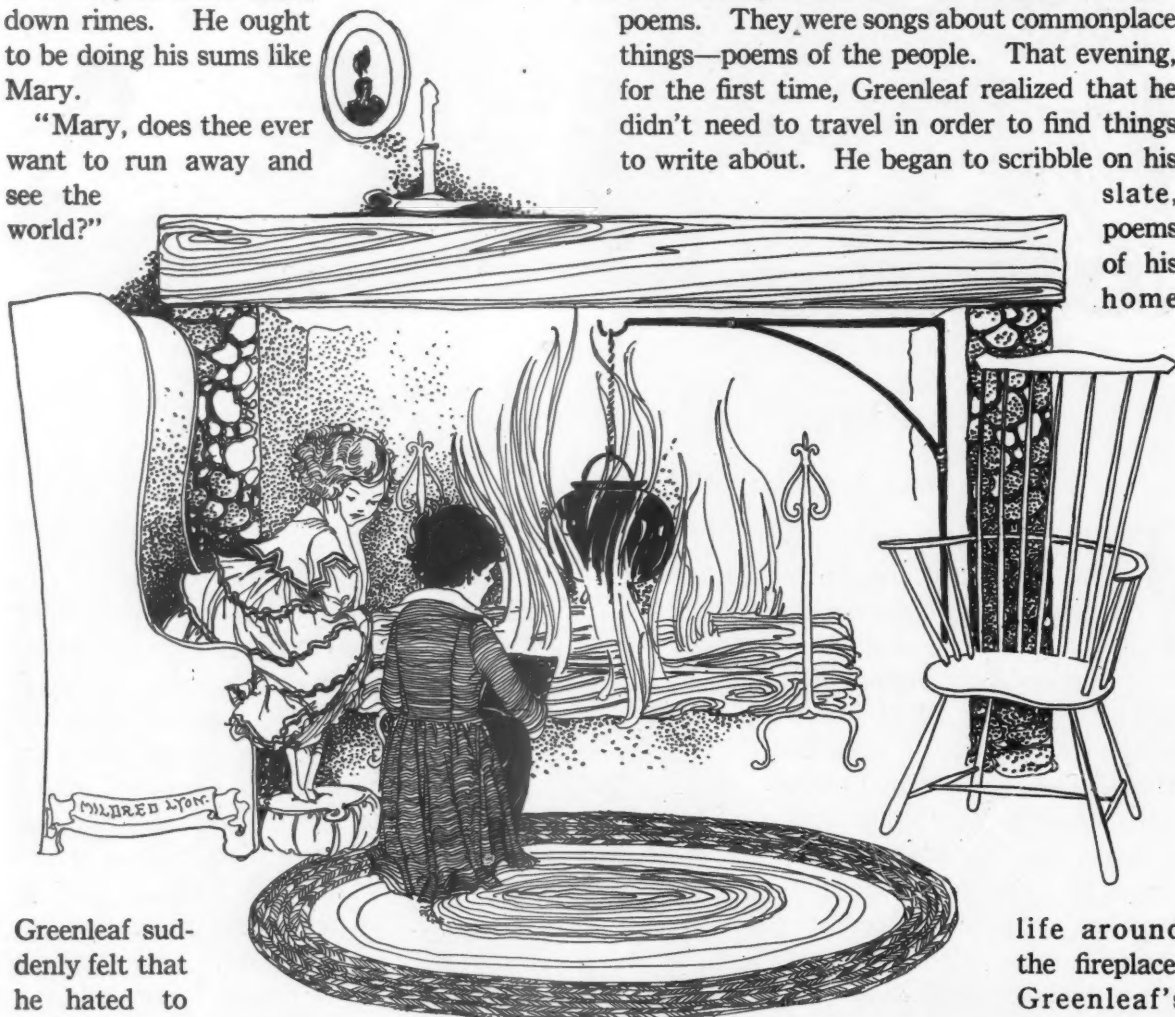
"What is thee writing?" inquired his sister Mary. Greenleaf blushed. There were seven cows to be milked; oxen, sheep and a horse to be fed; stone walls to build, beside a great deal of work to be done in the fields. Greenleaf knew

that, although he tried to work hard, he often forgot what he was doing, and began to tell



himself stories. His father and uncle scolded him constantly, so that he thought he ought not to day dream or write down rimes. He ought to be doing his sums like Mary.

"Mary, does thee ever want to run away and see the world?"



Greenleaf suddenly felt that he hated to milk seven cows. Leaning across Greenleaf's shoulder, Mary read the rime scribbled on her brother's slate:

"And must I always swing the flail,
And help to fill the milking pail?
I wish to go away to school;
I do not wish to be a fool."

"Oh, Greenleaf," whispered Mary, "some day thee'll be a poet!"

There was very little money in the Whittier family, and there was a debt on the farm. So none of the Whittier children could be sent away to school. Therefore they attended a little country school where all the grades were in one room and where there was only one teacher. This schoolmaster often used to

spend the evening in front of the kitchen fireplace reading books to the Whittier family. One evening he read from a volume of Burns's poems. They were songs about commonplace things—poems of the people. That evening, for the first time, Greenleaf realized that he didn't need to travel in order to find things to write about. He began to scribble on his slate, poems of his home

life around the fireplace. Greenleaf's family be-

longed to the Society of Friends—Quakers they were called. Quakers taught their children to be friends of mankind, to keep peace in the world, never to fight. They lived simply, wore homespun clothes, read only serious books, and did not dance or go to the theater.

When Whittier was nine years old, a circus came to Haverhill, and on the same day, President Monroe visited the town. The Quaker children were not allowed to go to town to see either of these wonders, but the next day Greenleaf trudged three miles to Haverhill with his mind made up to see at least the footsteps in the street of the President of his country. He found the print of

a circus elephant's foot in the muddy road, and turned back home with a sigh of happiness, thinking he had seen the footprints of the greatest man in the land.

Greenleaf, as a child, had many strange fancies. He shared a small bedroom up over the kitchen with his brother Matthew. In winter, snow sifted onto their bed through the cracks in the wall. One night, unable to sleep from cold, Greenleaf had a new idea.

"Matthew," he said to his younger brother, "I know how we can reach the ceiling."

"How?" asked Matthew.

"First," said Greenleaf, "I'll lift thee, and then thee'll lift me up and then I thee, and so we will be far up in the air."

The two boys stood upon the bed and tried it, but after a while they crawled back under the covers without having touched the ceiling.

In 1826, when Whittier was eighteen years old, Mary wanted to surprise him. She sent a poem of his to a weekly paper in Newbury Port.

A few weeks later, as Whittier was mending a stone wall, the postman rode by on a horse and tossed him the paper in which his poem was printed.

Greenleaf's heart stood still with happiness when he saw his first poem in print.

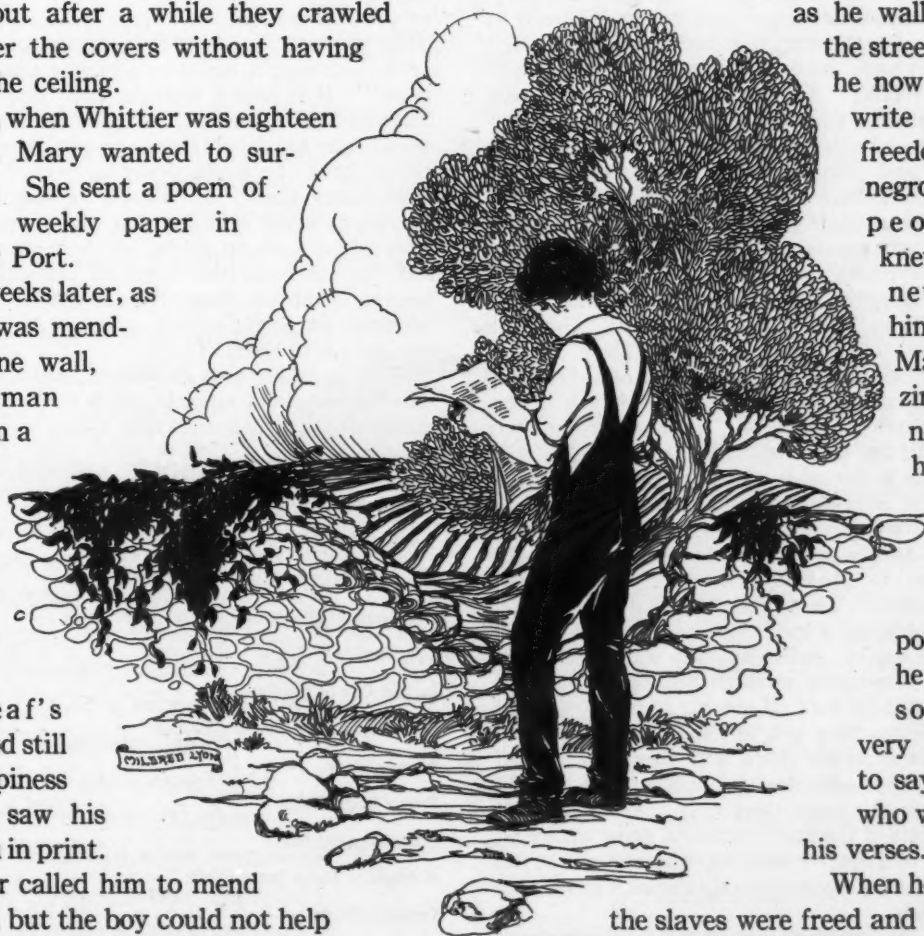
His father called him to mend the fence, but the boy could not help pulling the paper from his pocket again and again to read it. After that Whittier sent and had his poems printed in many papers. One winter, he made slippers for eight cents a pair, and earned enough

money to go to a better school—Haverhill Academy, for six months. Soon Whittier's poems became well known. He was called to be editor of two papers in the next few years. He began to meet great people and to dream of a public career for himself. Perhaps he might some day even become a senator. But his friend Garrison, who years ago had printed Whittier's first poem, begged him to join the small hated group of people who were working to free the negro slaves. Negroes, in Whittier's day, were bought and sold by the white people and forced to work for their white masters without pay. Persons who wanted to free the colored slaves were greatly disliked by most white people. Stones were

often thrown at Whittier as he walked along the street, because he now began to write poems of freedom for the negroes. Now people, he knew, would never vote him senator. Many magazines would not print his poems.

But Whittier became a greater poet because he now had something very important to say to those who would read his verses.

When he was fifty, the slaves were freed and he became a famous and much loved writer. His greatest poem, people thought, was "Snow-bound," the story of his childhood as he had lived it before the kitchen fireplace on the old farm.





By AVIS FREEMAN MEIGS

Formerly Children's Librarian, Detroit Public Library
Present School Librarian, Long Beach, California

YOU'VE noticed that the best stories, whether they are old ones or new ones, are almost always about animals. The animals themselves must bring this about. Otherwise, explaining how the best stories happen might be a hard thing to do. To be sure, the man who makes the book, "The Author," deserves a certain amount of credit, but it's hard to believe he makes the story without any help from any one. If that were the case, HOW THE AUTHOR KNOWS WHAT TO WRITE ABOUT would puzzle every one. Many people think "The Author" decides what animals he wants in his story and then goes ahead and puts them in. You and I, maybe, are inclined to believe something quite different. We think that the animals choose "The Author," instead of the other way around, and that that's the only way a book can ever amount to anything.

The last story in the last part of a book called *Rootabaga Stories* by Carl Sandburg, tells "How the Animals Lost Their Tails and Got Them Back." Once, in Medicine Hat, "a place where nobody works unless they have to and they nearly all have to," the Weather Makers got careless. The weather grew too cold and all the animals' tails dropped off. The situation was unbearable so the animals picked a Committee of sixty-six, composed of half blue foxes and half yellow flongaboos, had a parleyhoo in Philadelphia, and at this parleyhoo "carried a motion both ways" to go to Medicine Hat and interview the Weather Makers. They went down to the Union Depot, climbed into a special smoking car hooked on ahead of the engine, and away they went out of the train shed. When they crossed Ohio and Indiana at night they took the roof off the car so they could see the stars. When they got to Chicago their pictures were in the paper upside down, and when they reached Minnesota, they told the conductor that they'd "rather wreck the train than miss the big show of the snow ghosts of the first Minnesota snow weather." It's for you to guess, or to read, whether or not the Committee of sixty-six got exactly the kind of weather they went after.

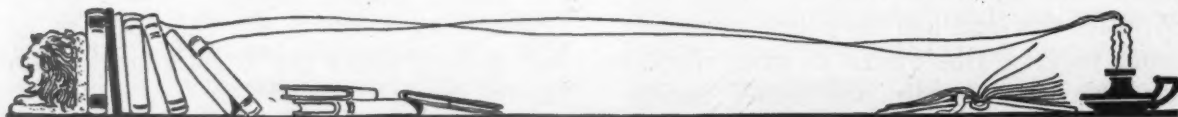
Even with the best story coming last (and sometimes after that), and for all that I told about "How the

Animals Lost Their Tails" first, you won't want to miss any of *Rootabaga Stories*. Everything begins when a tough old man, named Gimme the Ax, sells everything he owns—pigs, pastures, pepper pickers and pitchforks—puts his spot cash money into a ragbag, takes his first boy and his last girl, and goes to the railroad station. There the ticket agent says, "Do you wish a ticket to go away and come back or do you wish a ticket to go away and never come back?" If it hadn't been for the "long slick yellow leather slab ticket with a blue splanck across it" which the tough old man bought from the sleepy ticket agent, we might never have read about "The Five Rusty Rats" or "Snoo Foo, the Snow Man." We might never have heard of the Corn Fairies who wore white morning glories on their wrists and were sad because men tore down all the old zigzag rail fences, or about Rags Habakuk who went about knocking on people's doors, calling, "Any rags? Any bottles? Any bones?"

Here, in addition to *Rootabaga Stories*, are a dozen other books about animals which are new and which you'll like to read and talk about.

BOOKS ABOUT ANIMALS

Chinese Kitten	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	E. A. Brown
	LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD								
Dogie Woof and Pussy Meow	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	M. C. Davies
	FUNK & WAGNALLS CO.								
Garden Adventures of Tommy Tittlemouse	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	C. I. Judson
	RAND McNALLY & COMPANY								
Grasshopper Green and the Meadow Mice	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	John Rae
	VOLLAND & CO.								
Gray Squirrel	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	J. W. Lippincott
	PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY								
In and Out of the Jungle	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	G. B. Stewart
	D. C. HEATH & CO.								
More Beasts for Worse Children	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Hilaire Belloc
	ALFRED A. KNOPF								
Mouse Story	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	K. H. With
	F. A. STOKES COMPANY								
Puppy Dogs' Tales	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Edited by Frances Kent
	MACMILLAN COMPANY								
Rootabaga Stories	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Carl Sandburg
	HARCOURT BRACE & COMPANY								
Rhymes of Early Jungle Folk	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	M. E. Marcy
	CHAS. H. KERR & CO.								
Taytay's Tales	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	E. W. DeHuff
	HARCOURT BRACE & COMPANY								
Voyages of Doctor Dolittle	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Hugh Lofting
	F. A. STOKES COMPANY								





TYPES OF CHILDREN

THEXTRA'S PLAN

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

Author of the *Mary Jane* series, *Foxy Squirrel in the Garden*, *Billy Robin and his Neighbors*, *Junior Cook Book*, *The Camp at Gravel Point*, etc.

THE fresh cool air blew gently from the mountains toward the little village near the foot of the hills. Thextra dropped her sewing into her lap and looked up.

"Now if I wasn't a little girl," she thought to herself, "and if my mother didn't think little girls ought to know how to sew, and if I lived here all the time, I could be playing out on the hills now and picking flowers in the sunshine instead of sitting on an old porch sewing."

And then she laughed to herself at such a silly idea. For she *was* a little girl and her mother *did* think she ought to know how to sew. And as for living in that little mountain village all the time—if she did *that*, she wouldn't have had such a soft pretty dress, or such good fragrant fruit for breakfast and such pleasant trips several times a year.

For, you see, Thextra's father was very well to do (as the saying goes); he owned lands and orchards and flocks of sheep in several different places in the lovely land of Greece. And though he had a beautiful house in the nearest city, he also had

country places where his family lived parts of each year, so he could the better tend to his business, and so that his children could learn to know all ways of living in their beloved country.

Of all the homes, Thextra

liked this one the best, and she had made many friends among the little shepherd children. That was the reason she wished she lived there all the time; she wanted to be out on the hillside with her little friends, tending sheep. She had

never done that long enough to know that it is tiresome, just as any work is tiresome



when done over and over. She only thought of the picnic lunches her mother packed and the flowers and the jolly play. And thinking of all that, it *was* rather poky just sitting on a porch balcony, sewing a fine seam on a beautiful spring morning—no doubt about that!

"But then," thought Thextra to herself, practically, "if I wasn't a girl, I'd have to be a boy. And Kanaris has to study hard." Kanaris was her brother. "It is worse to study hard than to sew, for I can get my sewing finished and Kanaris has to study and study and study."

Contentedly Thextra picked up her sewing and made small, even stitches.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed a voice from the room just inside the porch, "do

I know that or don't I? Thextra, I wish you knew Latin so you could hold the book and see whether I say it rightly. The mother is busy and in ten minutes I leave for the examination."

"But I don't know it!" laughed Thextra. "I'm only seven and of course I don't know Latin," and she looked up at her handsome fourteen-year-old brother as he stood in the doorway. "But you know *everything*, Kanaris, I know you do," she added proudly. "And you will get the best mark in the examination—Mother said she knew you would."

"I wish I knew it, too," replied Kanaris

doubtfully. But all the same he brightened up at her words and straightened his shoulders proudly.

"I ought to help him," thought Thextra, after he had gone a few minutes later. "And I will! I'll burn a candle in the chapel. Then of course he will do wonderfully well."

She folded her sewing and put it away in a drawer in her room. No more work till after she had visited the chapel. Through the drawer she searched till she found her embroidered purse. How much money did she have? Eagerly she counted out pennies; five, six, seven, eight! That was enough to buy a great big candle. And what did she care that she had been saving them for visiting the store when they went back to

the city? She loved her brother more than anything the city could offer.

Here in the little village, Thextra was allowed to go and come about as she pleased, for every one knew her and loved her, and as she and her family had been here some four months on this trip, Thextra knew her way around very well. She slipped down the stairs, out of the house, out on to the village street and down to the store.

"Please, have you a beautiful big candle—one as big as eight pennies?" she asked.

Yes, there was a fresh, white, lovely candle, just right for eight pennies. So Thextra bought it in a jiffy and hurried up to the



little chapel where she lighted it in a modest corner.

"There, now," she said happily as she came out into the sunshine, "that will last as long as Kanaris's old examination and he will know the answer to every question."

And quite content with her effort, she went back home to finish her seam.

A few hours later Kanaris came home, tired, but very happy. The examination wasn't nearly as hard as he had feared it would be—at least it wasn't hard for a boy who had studied all his lessons. And while it would not be known for two days who stood the highest, still, Kanaris was sure he had done himself and his family credit.

So the two children ran off happily toward the hillside where they were to have a picnic supper with their friends from the village. They had bread and cheese and olives and strawberries, all packed neatly in cunning little baskets.

Two days later Thextra's father brought home the good news that Kanaris had the highest mark of any student, and that the three villages near by were to have a feast in honor of the three boys who had each made the best grade.

"Tomorrow we go," continued the father,

"and proud I am to be taking you, my son. We will leave at noon time and all the afternoon and evening there will be good times, and at five, the feast. You will like to see it all for it is vastly different from anything in the city."

Thextra's eyes grew big and round with interest as her father told tales of when he, as a boy, had won this same honor. How the village stopped work, played games, made a feast and did him honor almost exactly as tomorrow they would honor his son.

"We Greeks admire a scholar," said he, "and the village loves to honor the boy who so soon will go to the city and enter the *gymnasium* with distinction." The *gymnasium* in Greece is the highest school, as Thextra very well knew.

"And I'm going, too!" cried Thextra.

"Listen to the baby!" laughed her father, good-naturedly. "What do you know of examinations and studying? Wait till you are older—then we shall see what we shall see." And without another word he went about his business.

Tears came to Thextra's eyes. Just think! To be seven years old—seven whole, long years old, and have folks think you were a baby! Her father hadn't said she couldn't



PRIZE COLOR CONTEST

THE names of the winners of the Animated Botany prize color contest for March are: MARTHA EURICH, 2322 Lake Isles Boulevard, Minneapolis, Minn., age 10, and WILLIAM GEORGE SWANK, 7753 Coles Ave., Chicago, Ill., age 9. Honorable mention: JOAN JOYCE, BARBARA ACKER, LUCY R. FARNSWORTH, LOIS GRASSMAN, ALICE SHAFTO, MYRON B. SMITH, SIEGFRIED MICKELSON, JOHN KNIGHT, ALICE. SOMMER, MILDRED SCHOENHEIT, DOROTHY CLAUSON, MARGARET B. LANGELL, DONALD KEILLER, JAMES HOLMES, HAROLD CONNABLE, DONALD SIMISON, MARY PLANK, KATHRYN LEWIS, PAULINE MONK, HELEN STACKLER, RUTH BENHAM, MARTHA LEE, MINNIE WEBB, VIRGINIA MITCHELL, BETTY ANDREW and VIRGINIA SMITH.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF LAST MONTH'S PRIZE COLOR CONTEST

No. 1. *Trillium grandiflorum* (Liliaceae). Also called Wake-Robin, Birthroot and Ground Lily. Leaves and floral parts in threes. This is an interesting and handsome perennial herb. There are about thirty species in North America and Asia, and are found from the Himalayas to Japan. Color, pure white, changing to rosy pink. They are among the choicest of spring plants and are found in rich woods. The fruit is a black, roundish berry.

No. 2. Violet (*Viola*). There are 150 species of the Violet which have been described. Three-fourths of these are found in the temperate Northern Hemisphere and the balance in the Southern. In Brazil a species of violet is eaten like spinach, while violets in Peru are used as a medicine. Time, spring. Color, white, yellow, purple and blue.

No. 3. Daffodil (*Narcissus*) *Amaryllidaceae*. *Narcissus* is the name derived from the story of the youth Narcissus in mythology. The daffodil is a well-known and desirable spring blooming bulb. It is a hardy plant. It is also used for forcing. The species of narcissus are grown in Central Europe and the Mediterranean region and eastward through Asia to China. Some of the species have been known as cultivated plants for three hundred years or more. Color, yellow. The flowers are large and are single or double.

No. 4. Jack-in-the-Pulpit (*Arisaema triphyllum*). It is also called Indian Turnip. There are about sixty widely distributed herbs with tuberous roots. The berries are red and showy, ripening in early summer, and are covered by arching purplish spathes.

If you would like to know more about the little people of the woods, send self-addressed, stamped envelope to

ESTELLE H. ROBBINS
Care of CHILD LIFE
RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

go—no, he simply didn't even think of it! He didn't even guess how old she was, how grown up inside. What would he say if he knew about the candle? But she wouldn't tell that, for one doesn't brag of good deeds—at any rate a little Greek girl doesn't.

"If only I could make Father know how much I want to go," she kept saying to herself. But if he didn't know with her telling, what could a little girl do?

Next morning it was very hard to do her stint of sewing. The household was busy with plans for the journey—only Thextra and her nurse were to stay at home.

Thextra ate without talking, and then, as the family made ready to depart, she slipped out on to the balcony to watch them off. And at that minute a plan came into her mind. Of course! Why hadn't she thought of it before? Would there be time?

Hastily she dashed into the house and slipped into her very best dress. One could not go to a feast in everyday clothes. Out on the balcony again she looked down to the street. Yes! Kanaris's own pet donkey was still there, just beneath the balcony.

Quickly Thextra climbed over the railing, down the outside. It *was* a little scary hanging from the floor beam, hunting the donkey with her foot, but Thextra was no baby—not she! She poked into the air with her foot—there it was! Her foot set firmly on the saddle and down she slipped—into the saddle! Now would they know she was grown up?

Her father came out at that very minute and stared at her.

"Weren't you up there a minute ago?" Thextra nodded. "Yes, but I wanted to go to the feast. And I'm not a baby, Father! Truly, a baby couldn't climb down to a donkey's back!"

"Indeed she couldn't," said her father proudly. "If you have courage enough to make such a plan and carry it out, you shall go. And you may ride with me, my lady."

So that was how it happened that little Thextra rode with her father to the celebration.



Real Naptha!
You can tell
by the smell



Clean clothes and health are playmates

Sunshine may put the sparkle in the eye; fresh air, the roses in the cheeks; proper food and rest, the vigor in the limbs; but *clean clothes* are a health factor of hardly less importance. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha Soap loosens the dirt and body-oils on which germs feed and breed, the snowy suds flush them away. Then the naptha vanishes, leaving the clothes clean, sweet, sanitary.

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TRY Fels-Naptha for the children's clothes. Send 2c in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

Campers write enthusiastically that Fels-Naptha washes greasy dishes and dish-cloths even in cold spring-water, and washes them *clean*. Any brook is a laundry with Fels-Naptha Soap.



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Clark is most ideally adapted to your children's needs. It is extremely easy to operate—even for small hands and feet. But at the same time it permits real beauty of expression, and its rich full tones lend themselves perfectly to all forms of musical composition.

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MUSICAL GEOGRAPHY

THE FOLK MUSIC OF ENGLAND

By ANNE FAULKNER OBERNDORFER

Author of What We Hear in Music, Music in the Home, etc.

THE postmark on this letter from Aunt Margaret is from Stratford, England," said Father. "I wonder who can tell me who used to live in Stratford?"

"I know," cried both the twins at once, "it was Shakespeare."

"Right you are," said Father.

After the necessary formalities of hooking fingers and wishing were over, the twins began an immediate examination of the package of records which Father had brought in.

"Hold on," cried Father, "we aren't ready for those yet. Let us read Aunt Margaret's letter first, because it is one of the most interesting that we have received. Ready?"

So the family took their customary places, and Father opened a fat and most interesting looking letter, and spread upon the table quite a large package of post cards.

"Dear Musical Geographers:

"Every time that I write you, it seems harder than ever to condense, in one letter, all the interesting sights and sounds that I am experiencing. We came down to Stratford especially to be here for the May Day dances; but before I tell you about it, I want to give you a short description of a most interesting experience we had on our way down from Scotland. We stopped at Durham to see the wonderful old Castle-Cathedral, which, to me, is the most beautiful cathedral in Eng-

land. You remember in the early days it was almost a border castle, and this was brought back to me very vividly the night that we spent in Durham. Hearing that there was to be a folk song concert in the town, we made a point of going, and we heard there many of the border ballads, which I wrote you of last month as belonging to Scotland. Of course, I always knew that they belonged equally to both Scotland and England, but I think I never realized it quite so much before. One song which I particularly enjoyed was 'John Peel,' which was sung by a young man dressed in the red coat of a hunter. I wonder if Father could sing it for you. It is one of the songs that belong equally to England and Scotland."

After Father had sung the merry old song, he read again from Aunt Margaret's letter:

"We wanted especially to be in Stratford-on-Avon for May Day, as the Folk Society of Great Britain is featuring the Maypole dances, and the music belonging to this great day in England, by having celebrations with old Maypole dancing done in a number of places. Stratford had an especially good celebration this year, and I wish it were possible for me to tell you all about it; and for you to reinact it at home. We went out on the village green very early in the morning, as there is an old story, both in Scotland and

England, that if you wash your face in May dew early in the morning on May Day, you will be beautiful all the year. There were many young maidens out rubbing their faces vigorously, and I did it too; so if you find me very beautiful when I come home, you will know the reason. There is an old song about this called 'Dabbling in the Dew Makes the Milkmaids Fair.' On the doors of many of the houses the little May baskets of flowers were already hung, and everybody was happy and merry. The actual festivities began with the singing of 'Come, Lads and Lassies,' which is a very old seventeenth century song. I hope Father can either sing it himself, or have a record play it for you. Then the dancers appeared, and set up the old Maypole.

They all wore the quaint costume of Shakespeare's day, and they danced and sang around the Maypole to the tune of 'Bluff King Hal,' which is said to be an old tune known at the time of Henry VIII. Another group of dancers came tripping out onto the green grass and we saw a very pretty exhibition of English folk dancing. They danced to the tune of 'Sellers Round,' and to 'Green Sleeves,' both of these tunes being those which Shakespeare mentions very often in

his plays. Then they gave some of the work dances, like 'Gathering Peascods,' and 'The Tinker's Dance.' I was very much interested in those. But the morris dances pleased me the most, for they wore such interesting clothes, and seemed to play a regular game which reminded me of the way the Italians act out the 'Tarentella.' One of the best tunes for the morris dancers is 'Shepherds' Hey,' which Percy Grainger, who now lives

in America, arranged from four old morris dance tunes. Another morris dance tune Grainger also has made modern is called 'Country Gardens,' and this is one of the oldest morris dances in England. Sometimes there are words set to this tune, and maybe you know an old song called 'The Vicar of



Bray,' which uses a part of this old air.

"After the dancers had finished, a group of singers, in costume, came out and sang a whole program of lovely old English songs. This program had been arranged by Cecil Sharp, who, you remember, was the man who collected the American mountaineer songs for the British government. I know you remember hearing his name when we were up at Laurel Canyon last year. In making this program, Mr. Sharp had a group of very old

songs first, some going back to the sixteenth century. There was 'Oh, Willow, Willow,' which is a very lovely, sad song; and 'Oh, Dear, What Can the Matter Be?' which I am sure you all know, although you possibly do not realize that the 'Prince' and the 'Pauper' might both have sung this song, as it dates back to the days of Henry VIII.

"Then a group of Shakespeare characters, dressed in the costumes of 'Twelfth Night,' came out on the stage, and sang 'The Clown Song,' 'When That I Was a Little Tiny Boy'; 'Hold Thy Peace, Oh Knave'; and another group in the hunter's costumes of 'As You Like It,' sang, 'Hey, Nonino,' 'Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind,' 'What Shall He Have Who Killed the Deer?' and 'Under the Greenwood Tree.' This

was followed by two lovely old Ben Jonson songs, sung by a young man in Elizabethan costume, 'Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes,' and 'Have You Seen But a Whyte Lily Grow?' Then another young man, in a

costume of the next century, sang of 'The Lass With the Delicate Air,' and as he sang, young 'Mollie' came tripping by. As he sang of 'The Lass of Richmond Hill,' a young girl dressed as 'Miss Janson,' came on the stage, and she was followed by 'Barbara Allen,' and 'Sally in Our Alley.' Then 'The Raggle Taggle Gypsies' came, and greatly to my surprise they sang 'Little Bingo,' which I did not know before was a gypsy song. Then a

group of sailors came on and danced the hornpipe, and sang some old English sailor songs, and then every one joined in another Maypole dance. It was one of the very nicest May parties I ever went to, and I could not help but wonder why we could not do some of it in America." "Wouldn't it be fun to try having a

Maypole party right here at home?" cried Doris. "If I got the children from school who have been taking dancing, couldn't we have one on Saturday afternoon?"

"That's a fine idea!" said Mother.





Great fun bathing at Eagle Spring Lake, Wis.

St. George Camp

THE St. George Camp is under the management and direction of the St. George School for Girls, 4545 Drexel Blvd., Chicago, an institution meeting the requirements of girls and small children who have parents in the business or professional world, or parents who are not permanently located. The camp was originally planned as a summer home for the children of this school, but from July 1 to August 31 the camp is open to a limited number of girls between the ages of three and fourteen and boys between four and seven years.

The St. George Camp is located on the shore of Eagle Spring Lake, three hours from Chicago via the Soo Line to Mukwango and thence by automobile to the Lake, in a secluded grove in the midst of the dairy district of Wisconsin, miles from the beaten path in a rolling country conducive of quiet hikes, study and recreation.

Mrs. Madeline Seymour is the camp director and manager, assisted by a house mother, nurse and cook, all carefully chosen. Camp activities are under the personal supervision of Mrs. Seymour, assisted by teachers in Nature Study, Handicraft, Camp Craft, Games and Swimming.

The children will leave for camp by automobiles from the school with manager, teachers, etc., two or three days prior to July 1.

Complete information upon request

ST. GEORGE SCHOOL

4545 Drexel Boulevard
CHICAGO



FIDDLERS OF THE FIELD

FLORENCE L. NOTTER

IN SUMMERTIME the outdoor band
Is very hard to understand.
The players are the bugs one sees
Upon the grass and leafy trees;
Each member is a little thing
And plays with but claw and wing;
No instrument is out of key,
Their time is right they all agree;
And know so well each tiny part
Without a lesson or a chart.
Their Leader, neither fairy queen,
Man, woman, or child, is never seen,
But while conducting seems to know
Of every fiddle and the bow.
In all their music is a sound
That brings to me a peace, I've found,
For as it floats upon the air
I know that God is everywhere.



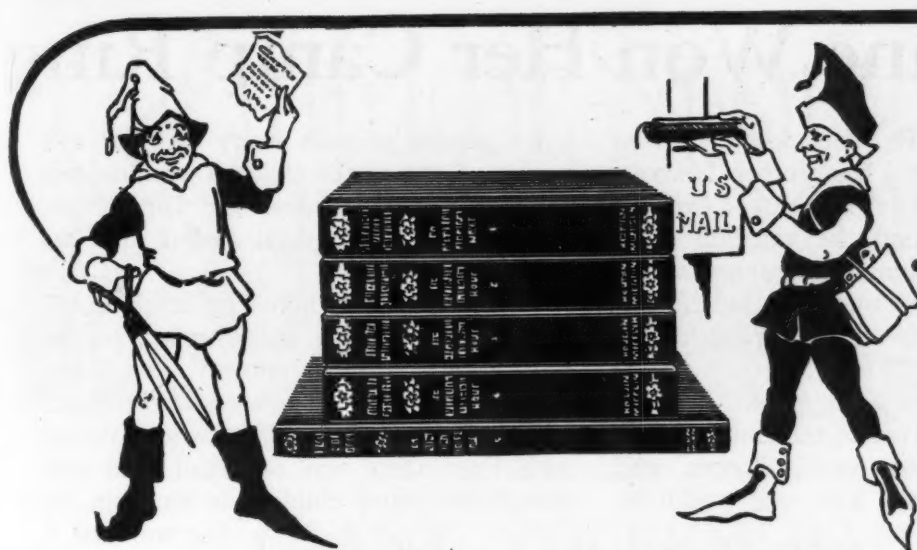
CONSCIENCE

CLARISSA BROOKS

A ROBIN hopped on our bird-bath's brim
And when he found it dry,
He looked at me reproachfully
With a bright and knowing eye.

So I hurried to fill it very full,
As quickly as ever I could,
And he came and drank of the water cool
And chirped that it tasted good.

Oh, I won't forget to fill it again
On the days that it doesn't rain,
For if he hadn't come back to drink
I'd have had such a sorry pain.



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Winter or summer, indoors or out, you will find these books are the easy key to your children's happiness. They point the way to happy and contented play.

These books teach your children to make every day materials into wonderful toys. In the magic pages they find games and amusements that give the hours wings—fascinating stories and quaint tales they love—interesting talks on commonplace things that open their eyes to the wonders of the world around them, and songs that tinkle with catchy music.

How They Help You

You'll find more rest as the grumbling over nothing to do changes to the happiness of active hands and busy brains. You'll see the little minds develop as the fascinating plays unfold. You'll enjoy the luxury of shifting part of your load upon the experienced shoulders of Lucy Wheelock, head of the *Wheelock Training School for Kindergartners* and a recognized authority and leader in the kindergarten world, who is editor of *The Kindergarten Children's Hour*. If your children cannot attend kindergarten, you'll find these books take its place. If in kindergarten, these books will smooth their way and help their progress.

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Here is the help and the all-year-around happiness you find in the five generous volumes:

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Vol. 3. How to tell children, in a charming way, about every day things and how to answer their constant stream of questions.

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Vol. 5. 135 songs, with music, that are proven favorites of a thousand kindergartens.

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Return the coupon. Then the five attractive volumes of *The Kindergarten Children's Hour*, bound in cloth and printed in clear type on good paper, will be sent you *prepaid* for examination. Look them over carefully. If you are not absolutely satisfied that they will lighten your work and make your children happier, return them *at our expense*. If you find they will help you, as they have helped hundreds of other mothers, send either \$2.50 and pay \$2.00 per month for the next 5 months, or send \$11.88 in full payment.

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How Jane Won Her Camp Ring

LAST SUMMER Jane, who was ten years old, and her brother Tommie, who was only eight, went to Orchard Hill Camp to spend the vacation days. One of the first things that Jane learned after reaching camp was that the children who arrived first already were planning for their camp rings. When Jane saw one of the rings she, too, wanted one, but she found they were given to the children only after they had won certain honors, and there was no other way one could be obtained. She asked her counselor how she could win some honors and began working for them the very first day.

The first honor she won was by being in bed and quiet every night by eight o'clock for two weeks. This was not hard for Jane played so hard during the day that she was ready to go to bed soon after supper, or at least right after the bed-time stories. The next honor Jane won was by drinking at least

three glasses of milk every day for two weeks. Some of the children who had not cared for milk at home said Buttercup's milk was so different, it tasted just like cream.

Jane won another honor by brushing her teeth every morning and evening, but as she did this at home anyway, this honor came easily. Jane knew that she could win one honor by learning to swim. Where Jane lived there was no small lake safe enough for young children to bathe in, so

she was just a little afraid of the water. But little by little she overcame this fear, for her counselor went in the water with her every day until finally she won her honor for learning to swim.

Other honors

were won while playing and it was not long before Jane had her ring. If you would like to know more about this camp where Jane and Tommie spent such happy days, ask your mother to write for the camp booklet.



Winning honors by learning to swim

The girl's camp (girls three to fourteen) is under the direction of Dr. Edith B. Lowry, assisted by a staff of counselors who are themselves trained in child care. The boy's camp (boys three to ten) is directed by Dr. Richard J. Lambert. Every applicant is carefully investigated and the camp reserves the right to reject the application of any child that might not be in harmony with the spirit of the camp.



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GIANT VOLLEY BALL

By Dr. EMMETT DUNN ANGELL—*The Play Man*

YOU really went to war! Why, you never told us that before!" exclaimed Jack Randolph. And Jack looked at Toppo, the fun-making clown just as though it had been unfair treatment to keep such wonderful information from all of his young friends.

"You needn't look at me so reproachfully," laughed Toppo, "for there are a lot of things about old Toppo that you don't know, and if I tell you everything at once, then you won't come and see me any more; and that would be pretty rough on a poor old clown."

"You are not old at all," protested Mary Emily, "and I'm going to come and visit you just as long as I live."

The merry clown's eyes twinkled as he patted Mary Emily's hand. "Fine!" he shouted. "That's the kind of a friend to have and for that I will tell you a story or teach you a new game. Which will it be?"

"Oh, can't we have both?" begged Carol.

"Let's put it to a vote," suggested Toppo. "All in favor of game and story say 'Aye.'"

"Well, I guess the ayes have it," he added, holding his hands over his ears as the children shouted their votes for the double portion.

"When war was declared in April, 1917," began Toppo, "our circus had just started out. We opened in March in Madison Square Garden in New York, and, let me tell you,

it was a pretty exciting time for we had all nationalities in the circus—Americans, French, Belgians, a troop of Japanese acrobats, and many others. Very soon some of the boys began to leave the circus. They would enlist in the Army or the Navy and start off. While we lost many fine performers the circus held together. I wanted to go but I was too old to enlist. They wouldn't take me even when I told the recruiting officers that I had been a soldier in the Spanish-American War."

"You were in the Spanish-American War!" interrupted Bert Lane admiringly. "Did you ever see Teddy Roosevelt?" he added eagerly.

"I was one of Colonel Roosevelt's Rough Riders," replied Toppo softly, and with a far-away look as though he were bringing back mental pictures of many years ago. "But that's another story—let me see, where was I? Oh, yes—I couldn't enlist because I was beyond the age limit, but when the circus season closed I got my chance."

"They began sending a lot of entertainers to Europe to cheer the boys in the camps. Actors, singers, comedians, magicians and even circus clowns were sent across. I was invited and it was one of the happiest days of my life when I knew that I could really go."

"I won't tell you all about how we got over and the traveling in ships without any lights

so that submarines wouldn't get us, but what I want to tell you is about one little show we gave to the boys of a regiment.

"One day the Y.M.C.A. secretary came to me and said that there was a regiment about thirty miles ahead of where we

were and that they had been there for three weeks. He said it would be fine if we could surprise them by bringing up some of the entertainers and give the boys a show. He said he didn't like to ask us because it meant a hard ride and we would be right close to the enemy and under fire. Of course he was joking, for he knew that if he pretended it was hard and dangerous that was the surest way to make an old circus man want to go. There were three of us and the

Y.M.C.A. man—"Pickles" Smith, "Curly" Rogers and me. We knew how to work together and the three of us could put on a whole show. I won't tell you about the ride—it was the worst that any one could pick out and the old car bumped into ruts and shell holes so many times that if we hadn't been acrobats I guess we would have been broken in two. We got into the little village close to the front line trenches after dark. All of the windows of the Y.M.C.A. building were covered so that no light could show outside. That was to keep airplanes from spotting the place and dropping a bomb. When the men came in

you never saw such a tired looking bunch in your life. They were covered with mud—it was plastered on their uniforms and caked on their shoes. But they brightened up when they saw the hot coffee and stack of

doughnuts that a couple of Salvation Army lassies had fixed.

"Our show started and it was the best show we ever gave. We never had an audience that seemed so happy because of what we did. We did every trick that we could think of and still they called for more. We sang all of the comical songs that we had learned and they yelled for more, so we

sang old ones, and they liked them even better than the new ones. We had to stop a good many times for every now and then there would

be an awful racket when the big guns of the enemy would throw over a lot of shells or our gunners would

send some back."

"What happened then?" asked Elizabeth.

"Nothing," answered Toppo with a smile.

"A lot of happy soldiers had a good time and then went to their sleeping quarters, and three tired clowns curled up on some blankets in an old barn. We felt pretty good to have made the boys forget the horrors of war.

"But the next day we drove back and stopped in a little French village where there was a school in an old church, and the brave



youngsters were used to war, though they did keep on the alert for enemy planes. It was there that I learned the Giant Volley Ball game that I am going to teach you today.

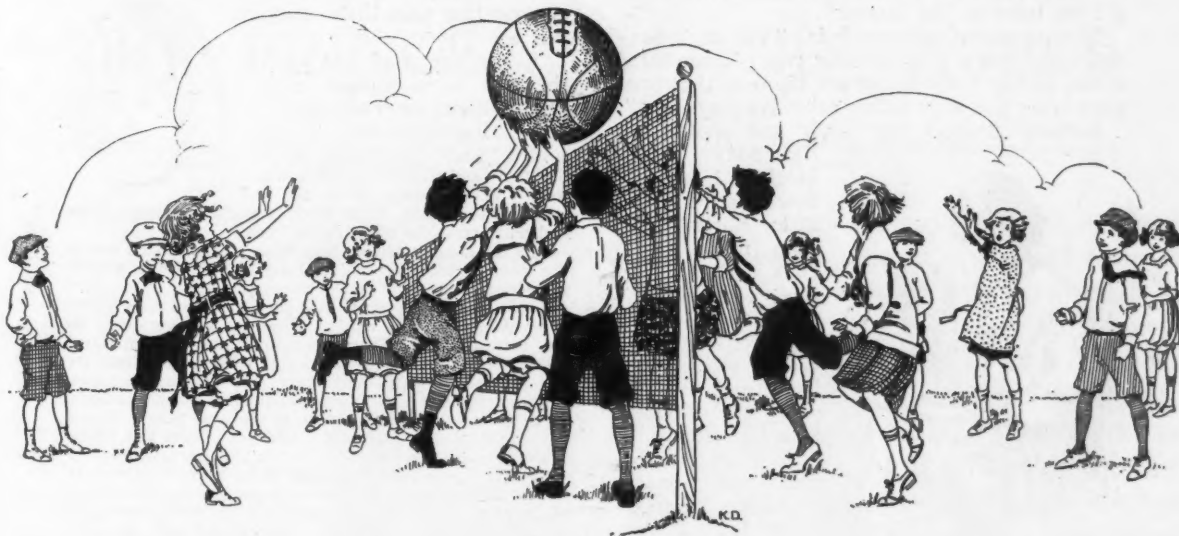
"You see I have rigged up a volley ball net," continued Toppo, "and if Jack will go in the barn he will find something that we are going to have a lot of fun with."

Jack raced to the barn and with a shout of delight he reappeared in an instant with an immense ball that his toss sent bounding toward the group of children.

"This is a cage ball," said Toppo, "and

of the other players on his team can help it over. The players on the opposite side bat or punch the ball back. Then the ball is batted back and forth as in tennis or volley ball. If the ball falls to the ground, the players on the opposite side of the net win a point. The one who picks up the ball that touches the ground is the next server. The team that gets seven points first wins."

Jack took the ball and made the first serve and the big ball volleyed back and forth with a dozen pairs of eager hands to help it over the net. A lusty poke from Bert's



was invented during the war for the men in military camps. They called it a cage ball because cage ball was the name of the first game they played with this ball. A thousand men could play against another thousand and each team had a goal or cage into which it tried to put the ball.

"Giant Volley Ball is just one of many games with a cage ball. Choose up teams, Jack and Bert, and we will play a game."

The two boys made their selection of players and Toppo gave them the instructions.

"You all know how to play the ordinary game of Volley Ball. Well, this is a good deal like it except that the rules are simpler," explained Toppo. "One player is the server. The server stands fifteen feet from the net and tosses the ball in the air and as it descends punches it with both fists over the net. If it doesn't quite reach the net, any

sturdy arms sent it sailing over Jack's team and Toppo cried, "One point for Bert's team!"

As the game continued they learned that they must not catch the ball but should bat or punch it; that there was no "out of bounds," but that the ball was in play until it touched the ground; that a player could hit or punch the ball as many times as he wanted to, or that several players could hit it at the same time.

"You see," said Toppo, after the final game gave Bert's team the championship for the afternoon, "Giant Volley Ball is practically a ruleless game. That made it a good game for soldiers for a small number or a large number could play on a team. A lot of schools are playing this game, too.

"By the way," he added, "which did you like best, the game or the story?"

"Both!" said diplomatic Mary Emily.

And that is what they all thought.



The Tale of Baby's Shirt

"OH!" cried Barbara, "Just look at this little shirt and band. Aren't they soft and white and cuddly? Isn't it fun, Mother, to have a little baby in the house?"

Mother smiled and nodded. "Yes, it is fun, dear, and here's a surprise for you. Those soft, white, cuddly baby things are the ones that you wore when you were a tiny baby five years ago."

Barbara clapped her hands and spoke delightedly. "Oh, Mother, I wonder how many other little shirts have been made from this old woolly sheep's fleece."

"Barbara, dear," answered her mother, "Would you like to hear the story of how this little shirt is made?"

Almost before her mother had spoken Barbara had jumped on her lap and was eagerly waiting for the story.

"About seventy years ago in the far off country of Australia," her mother began, "Some people from England brought a few fleecy, white sheep to feed on the sweet, green pastures there. The sheep grew to be so healthy and their fleece so long and fine that now all the best wool comes from Australian sheep and the wool in this little shirt came from there."

"First along in the spring of the year the sheep are taken to a near-by brook and washed. Then, in about two days, after the fleece has dried, the sheep are sheared with large scissors. The wool from the sides and shoulders is longest and best. In the Fall the sheep's fleece grows long and thick so that he will be warm during the cold winter months. Then when summer comes, his thick

coat is sheared off very close and he is comfortable and cool all summer long. He gives his warm winter coat to make clothes like this little shirt, you see.

"After the wool has been sheared, it is washed once more in warm water and soap," her mother went on, "Then sorted, and oftentimes they find burrs and stickers caught in the wool. These must be taken out."

"Next the clean, white wool is packed in large bales and sent across the water in big boats."

"In the factory where these bales go many girls watch the spinning machines all day long and there the wool is spun into yarn."

"This soft wool yarn is then sent to the factory where your little shirt was made. Girls are waiting there to knit it into fabric. There are many, many machines and a busy, busy place this factory is with its knitting, its huge troughs for washing and its queer sewing machines. You see, Barbara, every seam in this little shirt is made by a machine that cuts and sews at the same time. That's how the little shirt is shaped. The girls know just where to sew the seams and where to put on the tabs and buttons."

"Then this extra button hole gives Baby a chance to grow. I remember when we had to use this outside button hole for you. We were so proud that you were growing to be such a big girl. You know, besides good food, we need warm, comfortable clothes to make us well and happy. This extra flap buttons over Baby's stomach to keep him warm in all kinds of weather."

"This label on the shirt says, 'BURKLAND PERFECT FITTING.' That's the kind that is made of Australian wool, so you know it's comfortable and will wear and wear."

Barbara jumped down from her mother's lap and ran to the baby's crib. She looked at her little brother for a minute, then turned to her mother and whispered, "Mother, I wonder if that old sheep from Australia knows that they send his wool over here to America for shirts for little babies here. Do you think he does?"



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open view of shirt shown above—Sizes 1 to 6.



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no lining can touch the body. Sizes 1 to 6.



Knit Princess Slip
protects body from changing weather—Sizes, 1 to 16.



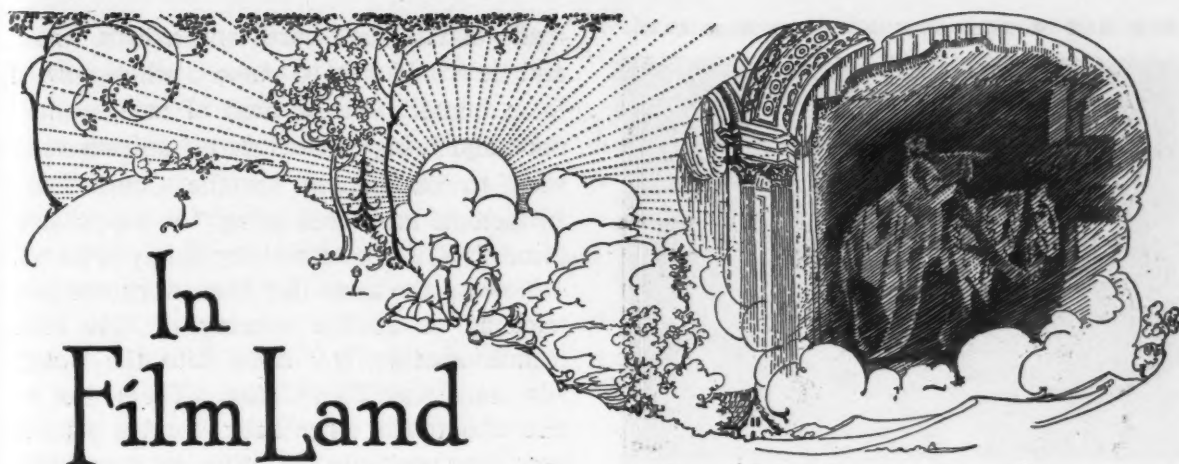
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Knit Drawers
size, age 1 to 16.



Knit Union Suits
No gaping, no lining touches body. Sizes, age 2 to 16.



In Film Land

THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER

By HARRIET MICHAEL

*For State Chairman of the Better Films Committee of the Illinois Congress of Mothers and of the Parent-Teacher's Association
Present Chairman of Better Films Committee of the Chicago Woman's Aid*

IT WAS all very well for the little Prince to change clothes with the Beggar Boy, "just to see how it felt," but so many things happened after they had dressed in each other's clothes that a book called "The Prince and the Pauper" was written about it by Mark Twain. Our motion picture friends have now waved their wonderful magic wand, and have carried us back three hundred years to the days of that Prince and the Pauper.

We first see a city of people rejoicing and singing and dancing. The houses and palace are draped with festoons of flowers, and beautifully embroidered silks and velvets hang from the window sills and over the stone walls. Great banners are blowing in the breeze, and troops of soldiers in glistening

armor, seated on prancing horses, proudly ride through the streets of the old town of London. At night great bonfires are lighted

and everyone is merry, for a little boy has been born in England, called Edward, Prince of Wales. England has so longed for him that, now that he has really come, the people are nearly mad with joy.

Twelve years later we see the little Prince a sturdy, handsome, but not very happy, boy. He loves his beautiful dogs; he enjoys learning to fence with splendid fencing masters, but he wants more than anything else in the world to play with other boys of his age.

He longs to go swimming with them and he wants to run races with them, barefooted. He has heard that the most delightful looking mud pies can be





made of nice dark earth and a little water, and he would like to make a whole row of them himself. He is tired of being waited upon and being "fussed over," and does not wish to be amused by the Court fools. In fact, he finds that being "as happy as a prince" is not being so very happy after all.

Now on the same day that every one was rejoicing about the coming of this little Prince, another boy came into the world. His name was Tom Canty. There was no talk about this other baby, for his parents were very poor and his father not very kind, and there were no parties in that home. We now see this little boy, ragged and hungry, standing outside of the great palace gates. He has heard so much about giants and fairies and dwarfs and enchanted castles and gorgeous kings and princes that he wants to see the Prince with his very own eyes.

Just as the Prince appears at the castle gate a rough soldier or sentry orders Tom Canty away and boxes his ears. The Prince sees this and becomes very angry. He insists that Tom come into the palace with him, and after Tom has eaten a royal good meal and has told the Prince of the happy times that he has with other boys, racing, swimming, and "make-believe" fencing, the Prince begs Tom to change clothes with him, "just to see how it feels." They make this change and stand before the great mirror in the hall. They are surprised to see that they look exactly alike. Tom is now princely looking and the Prince is every bit a Beggar Boy. The Prince is so delighted with his ragged clothes and bare feet that he runs down the long outside steps of the palace right into the arms of that cross sentry, who, thinking he is the Beggar Boy, shakes him roughly and orders him away from the palace. Of course the little Prince cannot explain, for, with his ragged clothes as proof, his claim that he is Prince of Wales only makes people laugh at him. He trudges wearily to Tom's ugly home, where no one believes he is the Prince and where he has very little to eat and very little kindness from any one except Tom Canty's mother.

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a man crowns him with an old tin wash basin, calling him "Your Royal Highness." Suddenly from out of nowhere a happy-looking soldier fights his way through the throng of people surrounding the little Prince, and with drawn sword tells the Prince that he will defend him. We see the Prince and the soldier jogging along a lovely country road, on the largest donkey and the smallest donkey you can imagine.

As they journey on the Prince hears that his father has died and that he, the Prince, is now King of England. They turn round and hastily travel to the palace so that the Prince may claim his throne. This is not a very easy thing to do for every one at the palace is sure that Tom Canty is the King. When they arrive they find thousands of people have congregated in the large building where all Kings of England are crowned. We see Tom Canty being conducted to the throne—down long aisles lined with gorgeously clad knights and ladies, and pages and soldiers. Just as the crown is to be placed upon Tom's head, the real Prince, in ragged clothes, with hand upraised, walks down the aisle saying, "I forbid you to set the Crown of England upon that forfeited head. I am the King!" The soldiers seize the ragged boy, but Tom Canty unfastens the royal robe from his own shoulders and covers the true King, saying, "Forbear! He is the King."

What rejoicing and what happiness there is for both of these boys, for Tom is told that he and his dear little mother and sisters are to stay at the palace for ever and ever.

When he comes back to the palace there is a great hubbub. The great seal of England has been lost, and of course no business of state can be carried on without that seal.

My! but those dignified people are shocked when Tom tells them he used it as a nut cracker, but I am sure that Tom and the King many times afterwards found it very useful on cold winter evenings, when apples and nuts taste the best.

Pictures through courtesy of
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HENRY TURNER BAILEY

Taken from the Report of the Plans of the National Education Association.



A Little Help Now Will Produce Such Fine Results Later

Giving Your Child's School Training a Double Value

A VISIT to a modern school room is a revelation. No longer do children sit hour after hour at stiff desks, going through dry recitations repeated word for word out of dull text-books. Instead, you will see teacher and pupils engaged in some lively informal discussion. Perhaps they are talking over some item in the morning newspaper or in a current magazine—a new law passed by Congress, a recent scientific discovery, or an article by some noted traveller in foreign lands.

The good teacher of today no longer rules over the class through fear or rigid discipline. She no longer follows a cut-and-dried routine. Her task is to arouse and inspire and guide.

The aim of the modern school is to train boys and girls to solve the practical problems of life. They are taught to think for themselves, to work out their own puzzles. Individual enterprise is encouraged. Creative power is developed.

Importance of Home Work

By arousing the eagerness and personal interest of every pupil, the school of today succeeds in developing the natural ability of a far greater number of children than the old-time school, which catered principally to the "grinds".

And yet there never was a time in school history when the value of the education received depended so much as it does today upon the personal initiative of each child.

The school creates the opportunity for all, holds out every inducement, uses every incentive to attract the pupils to knowledge. But it does not compel them to learn against their will.

Unless your child's mind is kept active and alive outside of school hours, most of

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A. E. WINSHIP, President,
Journal of Education.

the wonderful advantages of the modern educational system will be lost. But if that activity and interest is fostered, your child will get a richer education than was ever possible before.

New Tools for New Methods

The strongest point of the new school methods is that they make such good use of outside influences. For the first time, the home has a chance to cooperate fully with the school. Mothers and fathers can control in a direct and constructive way the quality of education their children will receive. And every bit of help they give is multiplied a hundredfold.

But new methods require new tools. The interests which are aroused in the modern school room are so broad, they deal with so many different subjects from so many unusual angles, and they call for so much practical up-to-date information,

that the old-time home library cannot possibly meet the emergency.

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GRANDPA MAYPOLE

(Continued from page 291)

[At this two little heads appear, and rather quickly emerge. They are the boys all right, only now they are dressed like the little mischievous "little men," or elves, that you see in the fairy-story books, with very red cheeks, pointed cap, red waistcoat and green coat, and long brown trousers, all very tight fitting.]

JUDITH: Talk! Where is Grandpa?

QUEEN OF THE MAYS (as MAYBE MAY and APRIL MAY look inquiringly at her): You can tell, now.

THE BOYS (pointing): Down there!

QUEEN: You see, I felt so sorry for Grandpa because he was old and didn't know how really lovely the little children are today, because he wouldn't believe in them. So I went and asked these little elves to come and help me make Grandpa understand. Little—

JUDITH (curtseying): Judith!

[APRIL MAY is seen motioning, trying to keep somebody down beneath the ground behind the stump.]

QUEEN: Little Judith wasn't a witch that stole me away at all, you see. So they (indicating the two elves) came and—

[GRANDPA can't be kept down any longer. He dashes up from behind the rock, but changed—oh, how changed!—into a beautiful boy of today.]

GRANDPA: And made me young again, a young boy! That's better than changing all the children over just to please me.

QUEEN: And the children will love you and come to get you to be their Maypole. [To APRIL MAY and MAYBE MAY:] Won't they? Speak!

[The boys nod their heads, as if they'd come off again.]

[Enter chorus of elves, who with the others dance around GRANDPA, as they sing to the tune of "Banbury Cross."]

ELVES' SONG

Whatever you want, just call on the elves,
We're busy as bees just helping ourselves—
But younger or older, or gladder and gay—
We'll make you look handsome for the first of May.

[As the curtain descends, JUDITH, near right exit, is pulling GRANDPA as though to take him away to the Maypole games.]

[CURTAIN.]



When Sleepy Time Comes

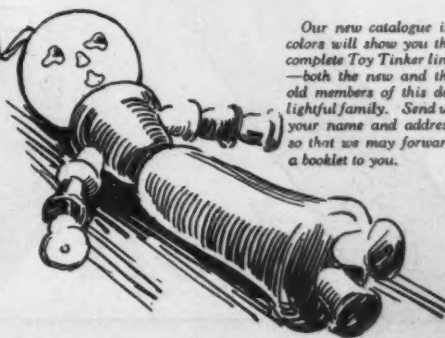
SLEEP, little Baby, close your eyes
tight,
Mother and Daddy whisper "Good-night"
All day you've played—now sleepy time's
here,
Off to the Land of Nod, Baby dear.

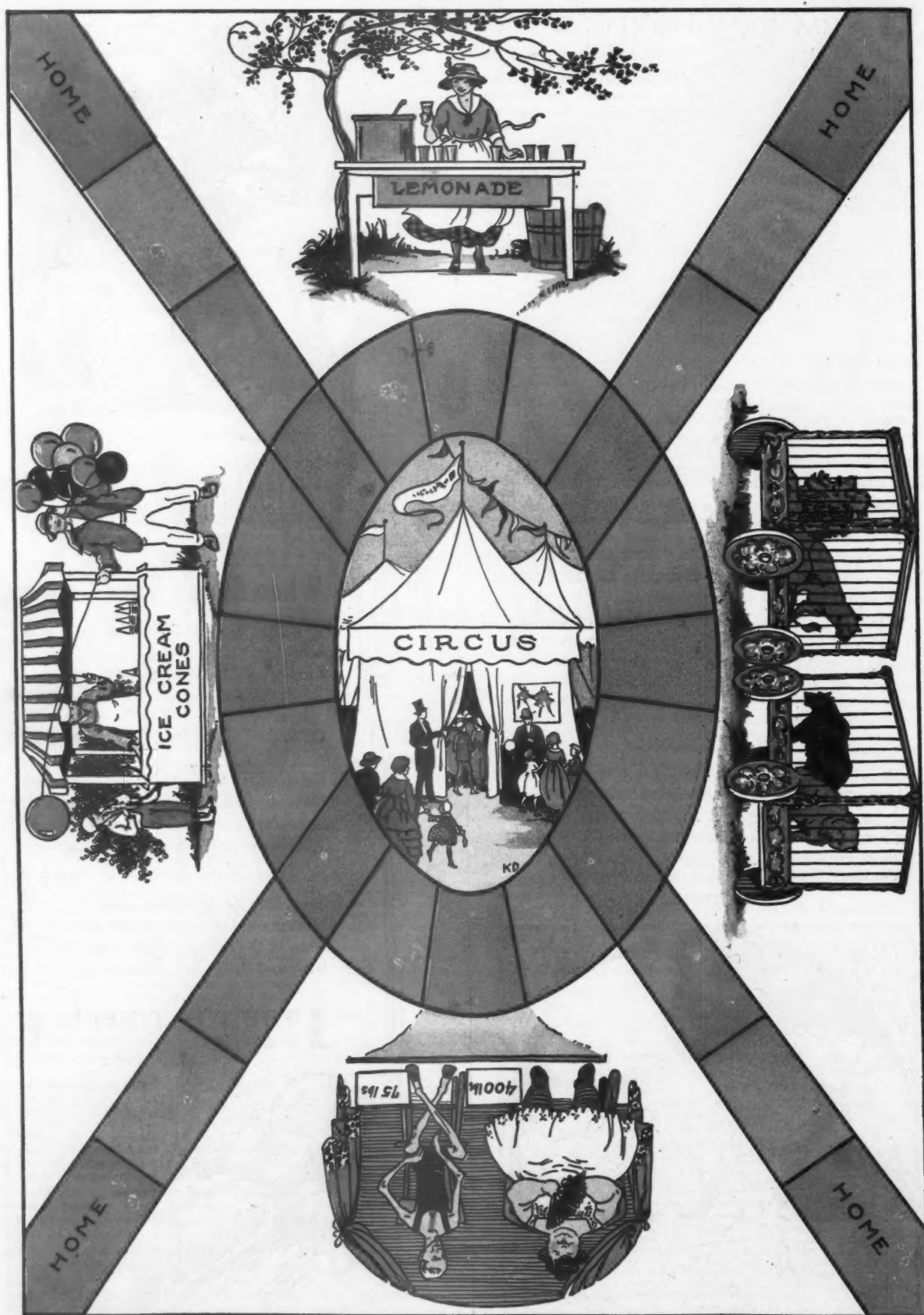
Baby, what's that you hold in your hand?
Playmate-Belle Tinker, best in the land;
Belle plays with Baby all the day through,
Then when night comes, see, Belle is there,
too.

Sleep, little Baby—never a fear,
Mother and Daddy always are near,
Then in the morning, wake with the sun,
Baby and Belle—hurrah for the fun!

THE TOY TINKERS
EVANSTON ILLINOIS

Our new catalogue in colors will show you the complete Toy Tinker line—both the new and the old members of this delightful family. Send us your name and address so that we may forward a booklet to you.





THE GAME OF GOING TO THE CIRCUS

By PATTEN BEARD

Author of *The Jolly Book of Playcraft*, *The Jolly Book of Boxcraft*, *Marjorie's Literary Dolls*, *The Good Crow's Happy Shop*, etc.

THIS game is played on the page of the magazine without any cutting of the magazine. Lay the magazine flat on a table and place a little weight on each side to hold it firm.

The game is played with buttons. Each player has a different button with different colored thread sewed in its center to distinguish it.

The counters are two large buttons. They are tossed up to fall into a box-cover. If they fall right side up, the count is one each. If they fall wrong side up, the count is two. Where one falls right-side and one wrong-side, the count is three.

To start the game, each player begins on the end corner which is "home."

RULES FOR PLAYING

Play is made in turn, from right to left.

Players must get the count of "two" before they can leave home.

Players move from left to right. They go into the circus tent to "see the performance" at the first green section they strike. They stay over there one turn and proceed on their way again, trying to stop for lemonade, ice-cream cones, and to see the animals in cages, and the living skeleton and fat lady. They do this by stopping on green sections in front of these pictures.

Unless a player stops on these four sections, he cannot go home. He must keep going around the circus tent till he has accomplished these four things. He may then go home.

Players cannot go home, except on even count.

The first to reach home safely wins.



A sturdy sport shoe with athletic trim and ankle patch. One of the most popular of all the Keds models.

Boys choose them by instinct—Now great specialists tell mothers that Keds mean added health and comfort for the whole family

Watch a boy when he's wearing a pair of Keds. Notice his light, springy step! Restrictions are off—hard, stiff, heavy shoes no longer cramp him.

Now great foot specialists say that Keds are scientifically correct for every normal foot. They mean relaxation for tired feet—the strengthening of muscles—the prevention of countless foot troubles.

Keds are a complete line of canvas rubber-soled shoes. High shoes and low—pumps, oxfords and sandals—styles for boys and girls, women and men.

Keds, of course, vary in price according to style. But no matter what type you buy, every pair of Keds gives you the highest possible value at the price.

But remember—while there are other shoes that may at first glance look like Keds—only Keds can give you the real Keds value. Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. If the name Keds isn't on the shoe they aren't real Keds.

Games and inventions, interesting information on camping, radio, etc., are contained in our new Handbooks—one for boys and one for girls. Either sent free. Address Dept. L1, 1790 Broadway, New York.

United States Rubber Company



A children's model made on a nature last. Similar Keds models for girls and women.



Keds

Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

They are not Keds unless the name Keds is on the shoe



Purebred

Holstein Milk

Best for Growing Boys and Girls

Vitality!

Said little Tom one summer day,
 "Mama, I'd like to know
 Why I'm not strong like other boys,
 I just don't seem to grow.



"Now Bill and Jack and Richard, too,
 Who live right on our street,
 Drink lots of milk—a quart each day,
 They say 'It can't be beat.'

"And Richard who can beat the crowd
 At playing any game,
 Says, 'Holstein milk is best of all.'
 Won't you buy me the same?"



Every Mother knows that milk is the one important food
 for the kiddies.

Purebred Holstein milk contains the essential chemical
 elements such as phosphorus, milk sugar and the minerals so
 important to proper nutrition.



*If your milkman cannot supply
 you with purebred Holstein milk,
 write us and we will assist you in
 securing it.*

*Write for our booklet on "The
 Milk Road to Child Health," mailed
 prepaid upon request.*

EXTENSION SERVICE

The Holstein-Friesian Association of America
 228 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.



THE CLOCK SHOP

JEANNETTE C. SHIRK

I KNOW a little clock shop
 That's very dark and
 queer
 And has—oh, heaps of clocks
 inside—
 A million, pretty near.

And there's a funny clock-man
 With every sort of key,
 Who goes around to all the
 clocks
 And winds 'em up for me.

I listen then, I listen—
 And this is what I like—
 From little ones to grand-
 fathers
 The clocks begin to strike!

And oh! if I am very good,
 And coax and coax,—why
 then,
 The clock-man goes to all the
 clocks
 And winds 'em up again!



VARIETY RELAY RACE

MAUDE DAY BALTZELL

HERE is a game that will interest all sizes of play-loving folk and one that may be enjoyed out-of-doors or indoors. Two children are chosen for captains and straws are drawn to see which of these begins the "choosing"; when all of the children are chosen, there should be an equal number for each side, and each side should have players who are matched in size.

Two starting goals, parallel to each other but at least six feet apart, are chosen by the captains. The players on each side line up in single file directly in back of the starting goals. The captains then move to parallel positions, an agreed distance from the goals. The object of each "side" is to prove itself as being composed of the best *runners*, *walkers*, *hippity-hoppers*, or *crawlers*. Whether the captains will have their players "crawl" or "run" or "hop" or "hippity hop" will depend on whether the game is being played indoors or not, and upon the preferences of the players. At the signals from the two captains the player nearest the starting goal makes his way as fast as possible, according to the "gait" decided upon, to his captain, who grasps his hand and bids him turn to the right and get back to the other end of the "starting line." As soon as the captain lets go of this player's hand he signals the next player to do likewise, and the side whose players get back in their original position fastest is the winner of this Variety Relay Race. If a player fails to use the "method of moving" agreed upon, he must go back and start over, thus retarding his own side.



*tell your daddy
to come on out to*

California
this summer

*and be sure to come
on the Santa Fe
tell your daddy
to mail this*

Mr. W. J. Black
Pass. Traf. Mgr., Santa Fe System Lines
1125. Railway Exchange, Chicago

Please mail to me following Santa Fe booklets:

CALIFORNIA PICTURE BOOK
GRAND CANYON OUTINGS
FRED HARVEY MEAL SERVICE

Also details as to cost of trip.



YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

Designed by LAURA VALENTINE. With Patterns



4249



4061

LAURA
VALENTINE
STYLES
CHICAGO PARIS

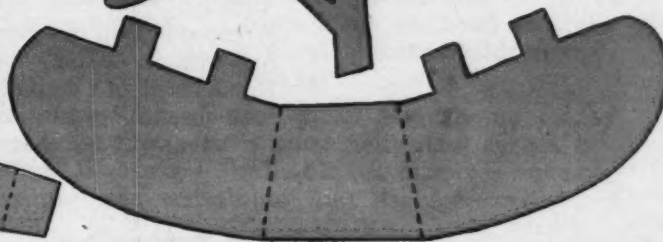
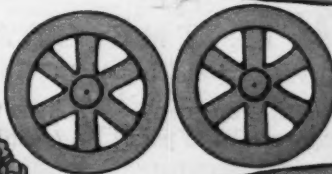
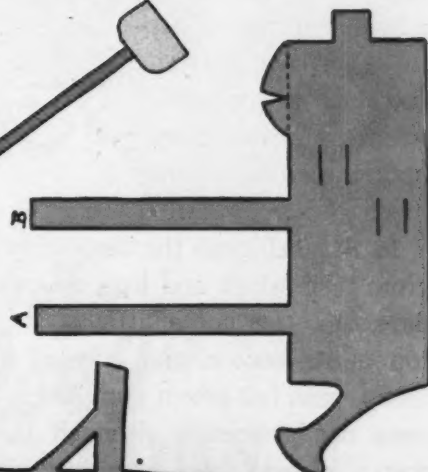
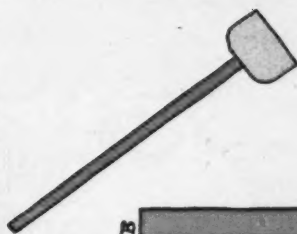
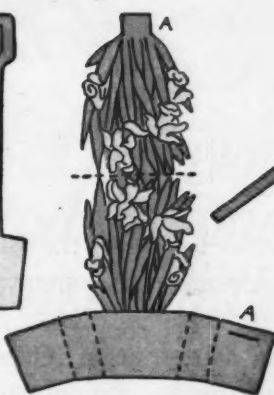
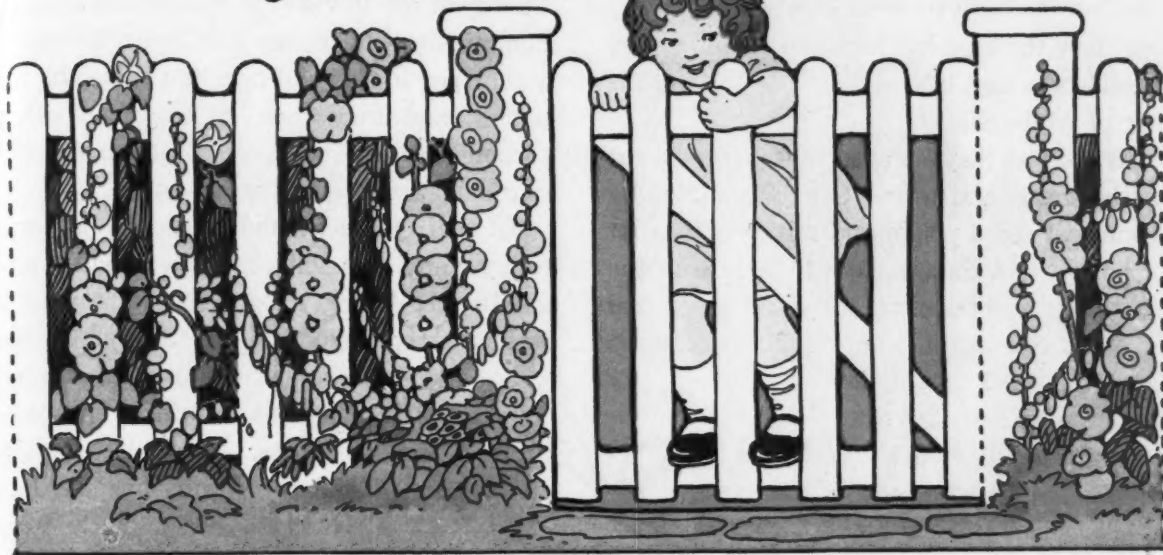
AND here is little Lola, all the way from Cuba, come to spend the month of May with you and your paper dolls, and to show you and Mother the kind of dresses the children in Havana wear to school. No. 4061 is worn there in dark blue chambray or wash crepe, or gingham; the plaited skirt and the straps over the shoulders are of the blue and it buttons on to a white batiste blouse with large white pearl buttons. All the school children in Havana from three years old to fifteen, dress just alike in these dark blue wash goods, plaited skirts and white waists.

Then dress No. 4249 is a model both you and Dolly will like. It is made of voile and dotted swiss put together with narrow bands of fillet lace or beading or if Mother wanted to make the dress of one material, bands of a darker or lighter shade could be used instead of the lace. Both dresses come in sizes 4, 6, 8, or 10 years. Miss Valentine is always glad to answer any questions about your clothes that Mother may care to ask, if she will send a stamped self-addressed envelope to CHILD LIFE Magazine, Rand McNally & Company, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill. All patterns are 20 cents each.

Order our new quarterly fashion booklet; 25 cents

GARDEN TIME

by Elinor d'Albert



DIRECTIONS

SAVE the margin at both ends of the fence and bend back for braces to make it stand up. Before cutting, paste on heavy paper. Cut down on left-hand side of gate and across the bottom, then fold on dotted line and gate will open and shut. Fold back the boy's leg at the outer dotted line; fold back again and put tab through slit on his side; then he will stand. Fold arm back, then make second fold, that his arm may be lowered. Mount

wheelbarrow on heavier paper, cut the four slits to hold the top in place, then fold down on dotted lines. Paste one wheel on heavy paper, cut it out, then cut the other wheel and paste on other side; use a pin for an axle. Fold flower pots, putting tab A in slot A. After cutting slots in watering-pot, roll it on your finger, and put long tab B in and out the two slots below it. Tab A rolls over the top and through the other slots. Paste the small tab underneath.

QUEEN BOMBA

(Continued from page 305)

few days the eggs hatched into cunning baby bumblebees that looked like little grubs made out of white china.

As soon as they hatched they began to eat the bee-bread and grow. Often Queen Bomba would eat some pollen and mix it with a lot of honey, and then make a little hole in the wax cover and put this food in and then seal up the cover again. The bumblebee babies liked this food very much and grew so fast that after about eleven days each one spun around itself a cocoon of silk, shaped like a little egg, for every baby bee has a spinneret just under its "chin" and can spin silk like a real silkworm—only it is finer and there is not so much of it.

In these cocoons the bumblebees began to grow their wings and legs, and after several days each one cut a little door out by the top of its cocoon and crawled out a soft, damp, pale, full-grown bumblebee. But they were not princesses although their mother was a queen; they were just nice, helpful

daughters, and as soon as they were able they went out to visit the flowers and brought home pollen and honey and made bee-bread and helped to feed and care for the bumblebee babies; and they took each empty, silken cocoon and covered it with wax, making it into a honey-pot or a pollen-pot.

All that Queen Bomba had to do now was to lay many eggs while she was cared for and fed by her loving daughters. In August a strange thing happened—all the bumble-bee babies born then turned out to be princes and princesses, so at last Queen Bomba found her kingdom and all her subjects were her own children. All summer the iris and hollyhocks and larkspur and foxgloves and asters and goldenrod, and especially the red clover, and hundreds of other flowers, nodding in the sunshine, sang

to themselves in flower language, set to flower music:

"How glad we are, how thankful we are that Queen Bomba had so many sweet daughters to help us in bringing us pollen, golden pollen and silver pollen and pearly pollen which is our treasure!"



IN THE GRASS

HELEN COALE CREW

I PUT my cheek in the cool, deep grass,
Down where the crawling-creatures pass.
There, right close before my eye,
Grasshopper jumped from earth to sky.

A little worm measured, with loop and bend,
A green grass blade from end to end.
With pearly house upon his back,
A snail was making his shining track.

A million-legged creature small
Wrapped himself in a hard round ball:
And a beetle, all shiny black and blue,
Drank his fill of a drop of dew.
Such queer things I never did see—
God's funny little menagerie!





MAMMY ROSE

By HAZEL H. SAMPLE

*An old black stocking,
Lots of cotton,
Buttons, needle and thread,
A little patience,
A bit of gingham,
Nose and mouth stitched in red.
There, I knew it all the time.
That I just couldn't make a rhyme!*

FIRST take an old black stocking leg and cut it like Figure 1, sewing on the dotted line shown.

Leave the bottom open, stuff evenly with cotton, and insert a round piece of cardboard at the bottom to make her stand. See Figure 2. Then tie black thread around her where you think her neck and waist should be. Then she will look like Figure 3. Now sew small white buttons on for eyes, and make her mouth and two dots for her nose in red thread. You can push a long needle clear through to the back of her head to tie your thread after working the face. Then drape some white cotton around her face and sew on her turban. It is a triangular piece of cloth, red calico or a piece of red bandana kerchief, with the ends left flaring to the front. See Figure 4. Now make arms and sew on like Figure 5. Make her a dress, straight kimona pattern (Figure 6) and finish her off with a red apron and a neat red kerchief around her neck. So then we have Mammy Rose, the neatest colored lady in Alabama.



1



2



3



4



5



6



*Such flavor
and crispness
win the little folks
to Kellogg's
CORN
FLAKES*

Kellogg's Corn Flakes have taste-thrilled the young and older folks of a nation of ready-to-eat cereal lovers for years.

Every test proves Kellogg's Corn Flakes delicious in their luscious flavor and supremely appetizing in crackly-crispness! And, *most important of all* to mothers—Kellogg's Corn Flakes are food that can be given very young or very delicate children with the most satisfactory results.

Kellogg's Corn Flakes enter your home to-day not only as the world's most delightful cereal, but as a food that is most valuable because it is not only satisfying and sustaining, but digests easily and quickly.

Let the little folks, as well as the family, test these fascinating Kellogg Corn Flakes for breakfast to-morrow! What a wonder treat—served with bananas or other fresh fruit! All grocers.



Consider the importance of your children's play hours

*Just what are you doing to help
them develop during these hours?*

PLAY-TIME, to children, means fun. They do not realize that this "fun" can be directed, that it can play as important a part in their development and education as their school work. But you, their mothers, should, for upon you falls the responsibility of directing.

Consider, for a moment, the part that each toy or game plays in the life of your children. Just what do they actually get from each one?

The large majority merely furnish amusement. But there are some that do far more than this, and it is these playthings that actually develop, as well as amuse, to which you must turn if you want the best for your children.

"Crayola" Crayons stimulate the creative instincts of children. They offer them the opportunity of expressing their own ideas on paper in their own way. They foster the growth of that individuality which some day will form an important part of the character in the full grown man or woman.

If your children haven't a box of "Crayola" Crayons, buy them one today. The Rubens Box No. 24 contains twenty-four crayons in different colors and costs but thirty cents.

You will find "Crayola" Crayons in all good stationery and department stores. If the store you usually patronize does not carry them, write to us direct.

BINNEY & SMITH CO.

41 EAST 42nd ST.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

TRADE MARK
CRAYOLA



CLUB MOTTO:

The only joy I keep is what I give away

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club.

The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about it in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention.

For Joy Givers' Club membership cards write to

ROSE WALDO, Editor

CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

536 S. CLARK STREET

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

SONG

LOVELY are the birds when they
sing on high,
Lovely are the clouds as they float
in the sky.
Lovely is the moon who lights the
night,
Lovely is the sun, the day's delight.
Lovely is the sunrise when the grass
is wet with dew,
Lovely is the sunset, too.

JANET BARBER

Age 11 years Cambridge, Mass.

My dear Miss Waldo:

I JUST wrote to tell you that I
enjoy CHILD LIFE very much.
I like about The Little Artists
and The Trips to Music Land.
And CHILD LIFE has taught me
so many nice games to play. I
would like to be a Joy Giver, if I
may. Lovingly yours,

SALLY BOGART

Age 11 years Terre Haute, Ind.



MADELEINE CURRIE

Dear Miss Waldo:

I AM twelve years old and would
like to become a member of the
Joy Givers' Club. I am sending
you some of my verses.

I assure you this is my own work.

I am also sending you a picture
of my pony and myself as well as
a verse which I have written about
him.

MY PONY

IN the little red barn on the top
of the hill,
Where the stately elms grow,
Is my dearest treasure in all the
world,
And the sweetest pony I know.
When I lead him to drink from the
brook each day,
He throws up his head and seems
to say,
"I am happy now, and the reason
why,
Is because one who loves me so
dearly is nigh."

MADELEINE CURRIE

Picton, Ontario, Can.

Age 12 years

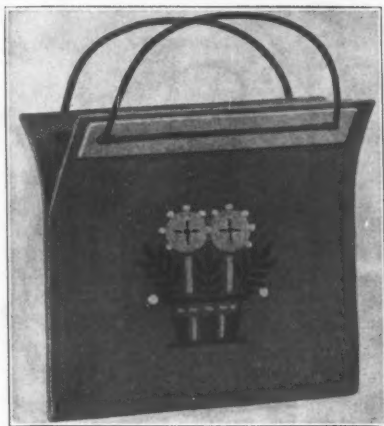


FIG. 1. A Felt Handbag Decorated with Appliqued and Wool Embroidery.

Would you like to have a handbag like this and also other attractive articles?

A HUNDRED THINGS A GIRL CAN MAKE

A new book with 365 illustrations. Shows how to make articles of felt, cardboard, paper, wood as well as painted things and needle-work. Diagrams show the steps of every operation, with a picture of the finished article.

Girls of all ages find a joy in doing things with their fingers. Here is a book that affords this chance in a hundred attractive ways.

The handiwork offered is new, fresh, original; the finished results are of artistic interest and possess value. The idea in each case is unfolded, step by step, so that the process becomes alluring and the finished article a thing of which to be proud.

With this book at hand many attractive articles for use and decoration can be easily made. Furthermore, they will possess a freshness of invention and express the individuality of the maker in a way that will make them peculiarly her own. Nor will they be like the products created by anyone else.

The book was written by BONNIE E. SNOW, author Industrial Art Text Books, "Theory and Practice of Color," etc. and HUGO B. FROELICH, Director of Fawcett School of Industrial Arts, Newark, New Jersey.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
227 So. 6th St., Philadelphia

Please send me postpaid A HUNDRED THINGS A GIRL CAN MAKE for which I enclose \$2.65 (\$2.50 and postage 15c).

Name.....

Address.....

MAY QUEEN

THE Queen of May
Doth come today
When birds all sing,
For it is Spring!

JANE NEWTON

Age 9½ years

Oil City, Pa.

Dear Rose Waldo:

THIS morning when I came to school, I looked in the waste paper basket and what do you suppose I saw? I saw a paper that had our teacher's name on it. I took it out and on one corner I saw the words CHILD LIFE. I asked my teacher where it was but she didn't tell me then. I was so glad it had come for I knew she had it. When school began she held it up and we all said, "Oh!"

We are always so happy when it comes. We have played out three of the plays printed in CHILD LIFE.

Teacher lets me read the Toy Town Tattler aloud to our room. I hope that this letter will be in the CHILD LIFE. I want to join the Joy Givers' Club.

Yours truly,

CLARENCE RAUHAUS

Age 9 years

Oakville, Iowa

SPRINGTIME

COME, wake up violet, snowdrop and pussy-willow; it is spring. Come, wake up," cried Fairy Spring as she skipped from flower bed to flower bed.

Down in the earth below the flowers heard the Fairy's call and opened their eyes. They listened and heard the worms creeping through the warm moist earth and saw the roots of the poplar trees swell with the sap, and so they started to grow. By and by they reached the top of the earth and saw the grass peeping through the earth and the buds on the bushes swelling until it seemed as if they must burst. The trees were getting green and the sun shone on all and the brook was gurgling out to sea. Yes, Spring had come!

THELMA THOMAS

Age 9 years

New York City

50c and up
at good stores
everywhere



Try This
Experiment

GIVE your kiddie a Nelke Soft Toy—and then, in a little while, try to take it away! It just can't be done! Every time, it's a case of love at first sight!

Nelke Toys are so soft and cuddly, they're just irresistible! And mother feels perfectly safe—'cause there are no pins to scratch or buttons to swallow—and nothing to break!

For 1923, there's a bigger line than ever of these bright

NELKE Soft Toys

Nelke Boys, Girls, Kittens, Bunnies, Puppies—Nelke Cops, Bears, Clowns—and Nelke Imps and Squealy Pigs, who'll howl with delight when you hug them tight!

Hand-painted faces in water-proof colors—knitted "suits" in gay, bright, lovely colors. Nelke Toys are sold at good department, drug, toy, notion, hardware, stationery and gift shops everywhere—50 cents and up, according to size. The woven label with our diamond trademark identifies the genuine.

If your dealer doesn't handle Nelke Toys, send his name and we'll see that you'll be supplied! And write for our attractive little booklet—"The World's Happiest Family"—illustrated in actual colors; sent free on request.

THE NELKE CORPORATION
10th and Norris Streets Philadelphia, Pa.



RAND McNALLY
BOOKS for CHILDREN

"Junior
Favorites"
SERIES

*Profusely illustrated by artists of
national reputation*

THESE are high grade books that make the strongest appeal to readers from 8 to 15 years. Action and high endeavor, dauntless deeds, feats of courage and endurance by land and sea.

260 to 450 pages, Cloth \$1.25

**King Arthur and His
Knights**

Stories of brave and generous deeds in the age of chivalry and what it meant in honor and knightly daring.

Kipling's Boy Stories

Tales of the far East with all its color and savageness, of Bengal and the City of the Dreadful Night. Chief among the heroes is "Wee Willy Wynkie."

**Hans Brinker: or the
Silver Skates**

Though the story was written by an American woman, such a faithful picture is it of Dutch life, that the people themselves thought it the work of a Hollander.

Kidnapped

Thrilling adventures of David Balfour who was cast away on a desert island. One of Robert Louis Stevenson's greatest stories.

Robinson Crusoe

Beloved by prince and pauper, wise man, worker, and idler, this story is one that will live as long as men love the sea and life with primeval nature.

Grimm's Fairy Tales

Among the great tales that all boys and girls should know. Stories of wonderful adventures in an atmosphere of enchantment.

*For sale at all shops and stores
where books are sold.*

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
Publishers
536 So. Clark Street Chicago

HAPPINESS

HOP along, skip along,
The sun is shining bright;
Hum a song, sing a song,
My heart is always light!

MARJORIE WARE SPINDLE
Age 7½ years Norfolk, Va.

MY MAY BASKET

ONE day I had a May basket and in it there was a little kitten. He was tied in with red ribbons. As soon as the ribbons were untied he jumped out and began running after me. I was afraid of him so I began running too. Soon we were running around the house very fast until finally he went under Mother's desk. We gave him some milk and named him Frisky.

CHARLOTTE BACON
Age 7 years Danielson, Conn.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I ENJOY reading CHILD LIFE very much.

I am sending you a little poem for the Joy Givers' Club. I hope you like it.

BERTRAM GASEY

MY RADIO

I HAVE a little radio
That tells me everything.
It talks to me from Denver,
From New York I hear it sing.
It whispers from the North and South,
It whispers far and near,
But yet it hasn't any mouth,
Which makes it seem so queer!

BERTRAM GASEY
Age 9½ years Chicago, Ill.

COME LITTLE BIRD

COME, little bird, in your new blue coat,
Let me show you a letter a little bird wrote;
It says that it will soon be spring;
And I found it tied to a little bird's wing!

ELIZABETH BREEDEN
Calhoun, Louisiana



For the Youngsters—

A Summer
in the Rockies

Up in the mountains of Colorado, away from the torrid, enervating heat of cities and lowlands, little tots grow physically and mentally.

No summer sickness here! It's the Nation's Playground—where outdoor frolics bring health and happiness. The air is bracing, the sunshine glorious—while the mountains, lakes and exquisite wild flowers form a scenic paradise. Excellent accommodations—pure, wholesome water.

Perhaps Yellowstone

Have your children seen Yellowstone? Never will they forget the attractions of this natural Fairyland. Round-eyed with amazement they will view the geysers, the petrified trees, the rainbow hued pools, the mighty cataracts, the fantastically carved, brilliantly colored canyons. And what delight upon catching sight of a buffalo, an antelope or a bear! You will enjoy Yellowstone as much as the little ones.

Low Fares via Rock Island

Rock Island trains will carry you in comfort to Colorado's vacation regions. And it's a favorite way to Yellowstone National Park—the Colorado way—through the heart of the Rockies, Royal Gorge, Eagle River Canyon, Salt Lake. LOW SUMMER FARES daily beginning June 1st. Stopover anywhere. Go one way—return another.

Mr. L. M. Allen, Vice-Pres., Rock Island Lines
767 LaSalle Station, Chicago
Please mail me, without charge, your
publication on ☐ Colorado ☐ Yellowstone
(Check both or both you desire)

Enjoy a Vacation With the Family

IN THE
**Greatest Fishing Country
in the World—Wisconsin
and Northern Michigan**

Make your plans now to go early
to the Great North Woods Tourist
and Fishing District



Spend the summer in this
wonderful out-o'-doors country

Over 7,000 lakes and hundreds of streams in which to fish for trout, bass, pike and the mighty "muskie." Go where you can go bathing, camp, canoe, play golf, hike over pine scented trails or just loaf.

Write for illustrated folder, "Summer Outings"

Low Summer Fares

Luxurious train service.



For full information ask any ticket agent or address
C. A. CAIRNS, Passenger Traffic Manager

CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN RY.

226 W. Jackson Street, Chicago



GORDON MOTOR CRIB

Makes Motoring with Baby Enjoyable

More pleasure for you when motoring with baby tucked snugly in this convenient crib. "The safest way, the doctors say." Crib easily strapped in any touring car. Spring arrangement absorbs all shock. Hood (raised) protects against weather. Fold crib flat or detach when not in use. Sold everywhere or sent parcel post prepaid.

Send for
Illustrated Booklet
and Dealer's Name

Booklet describes the Gordon Motor Crib in detail. It shows unique spring arrangement. Send today and get full information. You'll want the comfort of a Gordon Motor Crib right away.



Crib Folded

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PATTERN DEPARTMENT

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WOODLAND NIGHT

DEWDROP-LADEN buttercups
nod their golden heads,
Bees and birds and squirrels, too,
have sought their woodland beds.
The primrose shuts her petals white
The moon flower opens for the night.
An owlet hoots in distance far
And overhead there shines a star.
The sounds of daytime slowly cease
And all the world is ruled by peace.

JEAN HOCH

Age 9 years Marion, Kansas

THE NAUGHTY CLOCKS

TICK, tock, tick, tock! The
clocks were all seated in a row.
The funny thing about it was they
all had a different time.

"Ho, ho, you night alarm clock!"
said cuckoo clock scornfully, "go
tell that to the hens! Why, I
haven't been wrong in all my born
days! I, the great clock, I, the
clock never wrong! Never wrong,
simply never wrong, pooh, pooh, I,
the—ding, dong, ding, dong!"

"Faker! Umph! Don't utter
another tick to me! Who'd ever
think I was ever wrong!" said
alarm.

"Hush up!" said chime clock.

"Who dares talk back!" ticked
alarm.

"I DO!" chimed chime clock.
"I'm right."

"We must not quarrel, clocks.
I won't either, but I'm right—I
know it. I simply know it," said
grandfather clock.

"Years ago I—ha! ha! Never
heard such a good one,—you've
stopped! No wonder you're wrong!"
said mantel clock. "We can't all be
right; only one is right,—that's
ME!"

"You!" sneered kitchen clock,
"let me say a few words, please.
Didn't my mistress set me right
this morning, didn't she—"

"The whistle!" cried all the
clocks. Sure enough, the whistle!
It blew and blew. Right when it
did blow all the clocks turned
shamefacedly away for,—
THEY WERE ALL WRONG!

ROSE MARY VOLK

Age 9 years Chicago, Ill.

JACK IN THE PULPIT

SOME day when the violets are out
And the pussy willows are peeping about,
And Jack in the Pulpit preaches away
To Violet and Miss Daffodil gay,
I'll just slip in and hear what he's saying
Out where the pussy willows are playing.

KATHERINE DEWESE
Age 9 years Toledo, Ohio

Dear Miss Waldo:

I ENJOY CHILD LIFE very much. I read it every month. I want to be a member of the Joy Givers' Club.

I have a little banty hen. She built a nest in a box of old clothes, and there she laid eleven little tiny eggs. My little brother broke one and my bull dog broke another. She only has nine eggs left and later I will tell you how many little baby chicks she hatches.

GILBERT HOGALOOON
Age 7 years Hot Springs, Ark.

THE LITTLE BIRDIES

WHERE do the little birdies live?
In the bushes and trees.
Where do they go, when the snow falls down?
They fly south with their little babies.
And what do they do, when they fly down south?
Make nests in the bushes and trees.
And what do they do, when the spring comes again?
Fly north with their little babies.

E. LOUISE MENEELY
Age 9 years Troy, N. Y.

OUR PLAY HOUSE

DADDY built us a play house in the back yard. We have our doll clothes and dishes out there. We can play there at night for it has electric lights. It has two rooms and a front porch.

ELINORE YOUNG
Age 8 years Indianapolis, Ind.

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Brother George has out his kite
And Jane, her doll and Pollyanna
Clothes so dear.

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Send for the Little Builder's Set (illustrated below), consisting of hod, hod stand, twenty miniature bricks and wheelbarrow. \$2.50 postpaid in the United States.

DELTA CORPORATION
213 Harvard Ave.
Swarthmore Pennsylvania

The Little Builder Set



Dear Miss Waldo:

I WANT to join your club so I can have some fun. I have been looking at some of the letters and poems in CHILD LIFE and I think they are fine. Here is a little poem that I composed:

SPRING IS COMING

THE birdies are singing.

The sky is so blue,
I think they are happy,
Don't you think so, too?
May is coming,
With showers of rain,
And the dear little robins,
With their sweet refrain,
And bright little violets,
The dear little things,
And all other flowers,
That spring always brings.

ROBERT F. JONES

Age 11 years

Lima, Ohio

Dear Miss Waldo:

I KNOW the story of The Pony Express. Boys on fast ponies carried the mail from Sacramento in California to Saint Joseph in Missouri. Bad Indians killed them sometimes. Buffalo Bill was Pony boy. We have one of the boys in Alameda. He is old now. I write this myself. I love CHILD LIFE. I thank you for it.

Your friend,

KIRK McCRAE

Age 6 years

Alameda, Calif.

Dear Miss Waldo:

MAY I join the Joy Givers' Club?

I like that department very much. I am seven years old, and in the third grade. I love the other stories in CHILD LIFE. I like "Fuzzy Wuzzy's Day at School" awfully well. I am going to give my CHILD LIFE magazines to my little cousin. My mother is a teacher, and she lets the children look at the magazines. She reads big stories to us. This is my third year of school.

I like to find the puzzles in CHILD LIFE but they are sometimes hard.

Your friend,

CECILE M. MORRISON

Age 7 years Manhattan, Mont.

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PATTY'S MAY DAY

IN the little village of Camden,
England, there lived a little
girl with golden curls and blue eyes
named Patricia Farmer. She lived
with her mother and father in a
little cottage. She was ten years
old.

One day on the twenty-eighth of
April, Patty came running home
from school full of excitement.

"Mother!" she cried. "What do
you think has happened? I have
been chosen Queen of the May!
Now will you make me a new
dress?"

Mrs. Farmer smiled sadly. "I
am glad you were chosen, dearie,
but I am afraid you will have to
give it up."

"Why, Mother?" asked Patty.

"Because I haven't any material
to make your dress, and we are too
poor to buy any," replied her
mother.

"Oh dear!" sighed Patty. "Is
there no way of getting a dress?"

"No, Patty, there is no way."

Patty then went out of the
house and into the woods. The
sun peeped through the trees and
the violets were in bloom. Patty
took no notice of these beautiful
things. She was thinking of May
Day and wondering who would be
queen in her stead. She walked
until she came to the bank of a
stream. She sat down on the
stump of a tree. Patty sat there
a long time thinking of how she
could make a dress. Suddenly she
stood up.

"I will be Queen of the May!"
she said. "I will make a dress of
green leaves."

Patty then went home, but soon
returned with a basket, a needle,
and a spool of thread. She set to
work gathering leaves and sewing
them together. It was a hard task,
but Patty worked fast and soon
had almost half of the dress done.
Then she put the dress in the
brook under a stone to keep the
leaves from wilting.

May Day dawned bright and
clear. Patty got up very early.
She had told her mother of the
dress made of leaves, and her
mother approved. Patty put on

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NEW YORK, N. Y.

her dress which she had trimmed with violets. She looked very sweet with her light hair falling over her shoulders.

The village green was dotted with children wearing bright dresses, suits, and ribbons. The May Pole was being raised as Patty reached the place. As soon as the children caught sight of Patty they took her to the throne just behind the May Pole and crowned her "Queen of the May."

She was the prettiest queen Camden had ever had, so the people said, and I think so too, don't you? And after all Nature can supply more beautiful garments than even Mother can make.

L. JANE BURT

Age 10 years Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE BIRD FAMILY

I HAVE a little birdie
As cute as cute can be,
She has a nest
On the big, old hollow tree,
She has three little baby birds,
As cute as cute can be,
And when it's time to go to bed,
They all sing, "Twee, twee, twee!"

MAY ALICE HUNTER

Age 7 years Evanston, Ill.

Dear Rose Waldo:

I AM going to write a letter for you and I hope you will like it. I want it to be a surprise to you. Mother brought the magazine home to me and my sister Ann the other night and we love it.

There are some playmates in this apartment and we are going to give the play of "Schooltime in Mother Goose School." I am going to be Miss Muffet. We are going to invite the neighborhood children. It will be ten cents admission. And we are going to send the money to the little children whose fathers were killed in the Argonaut mine. If you will come from Chicago we will let you in free. I would love to join the Joy Givers' Club.

Your little friend,

ADELAIDE WHITEHORN

Age 8 years Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Miss Rose Waldo:

I JUST love CHILD LIFE, especially the poems; they are lovely. I am enclosing a little one too. I hope the letter is not too long to publish.

Yours truly,
PHEBE ANN CLARKE

KIND WORDS

KIND words are nice to say;
So let's say them every day!

PHEBE ANN CLARKE
Age 7 years Manchester, Vt.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I JUST received my first number of CHILD LIFE that my father subscribed for. I find it very interesting. I like to read "Just Like This," "The Toytown Tattler," "The Greeting Page," "In Film Land," and about everything. I would like to become a Joy Giver.

Yours truly,
LAYLE SILBERT
Age 10 years Chicago, Ill.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I AM a little boy 7 years old. I am at the North American Sanitarium. Our nurse reads CHILD LIFE to us. We like it. I would like to join the Club. Here is a poem I wrote:

AS I went walking a mile today,
I met a little tiger on my way.
He stopped to talk to me,
But I ran right away!

Sincerely yours,
JOSEPH LUCCA
Age 7 years Ventnor, N. J.

WINTER IS DONE

APRIL will bring,
Fair, fair, Miss Spring,
She will make the flowers grow,
And birds will sing, and lo!
Soon will come Miss May,
And we'll have a holiday,
Summer has come,
And winter is done!

KENNETH WOLLAEGER
Age 10 years Milwaukee, Wis.

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